

THE
VILLAIN,
A
TRAGEDY:

As it is ACTED
BY
Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by
T. PORTER, Esq;

Fælix & prosperum Scelus Virtus vocatur.

L O N D O N,

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THE
WILLIAM
A
TRAGEDY
AS PERFORMED
BY
THE MASTERS
OF THE

TRINITY

IN THE

TRINITY

THE
PROLOGUE.

AS I appear, (*me-thinks*) I hear some say,
O, this is he that must excuse the Play!
They better guess than those who think I'm sent
To dare the Censures of th' Impertinent;
Such a Poetick Choler would appear
Just like that Courage which is rais'd by Fear.

But (*Gentlemen*) in troth I'm only come
To tell ye that the Author is gone home,
To shun your Doom, like some poor Couzen'd Wench
That has not Confidence to out-face the Bench.
We were such Fools as to perswade his Stay,
But (*smiling at us*) He made haste away,
And said, Ye could not so much Honour lack,
As to speak ill of him behind his Back.^{3r}

Dramatis Personæ.

Lairmont,	The General.
L. Bar,	Gentleman of his House.
D'Orville,	Governour of the Town.
Brisac,	A Young Colonel.
Beaupres,	His Friend.
Malignii,	His Major, and a Villain.
Boutefeu,	Officers in <i>Brisac's</i> Regiment.
D'Elpeche,	An Impertinent young Scrivener.
Lamarch,	His Father.
Colignii,	
Cortaux,	

Belmont	Sister to <i>Brisac</i> .
Charlotte,	Daughter to <i>D'Orville</i> .
Mariane,	Sisters to <i>Colignii</i> .
Tranchibell,	
Luyson,	A Waiting-woman to <i>Bellemont</i> .
Surgeon, &c.	

Host, Wife, Fryer.

SCENE TOURS.

THE

THE VILLAIN

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter D'Orville, Brisac, Beaupres.

D'Or. YOU have oblig'd me, Sir, in your last Grant.
Bris. It still has been my Study how to serve
 A Man of Honour. This is no such Favour.
D'Or. Pardon me, Sir, I do esteem it highly,

And do once more assure you, That your Men
 Shall find the Welcome that the Town affords;
 You freely should command all that is here,
 From the sole Merit you your self possess,
 Which with an Obligation I've receiv'd
 Lately, and in the Person of my Friend,
 Does doubly claim Performance of my Promise.

Bris. Enough, good Sir:
 You make me blush; I have not yet deserv'd
 The Honour that you now enrich me with.

D'Or. I have done, Sir. [Turns to Beaupres and salutes him.]
 An Officer of yours?

Bris. He is my Friend, and in that Office bears
 Command o'er all that e'er I shall call mine.

Beau. One that is proud to wait upon his Worth,
 And take the Copy of a Gallant Man
 From his ripe Youth.

D'Or. Believe me, Sir, your Person does bespeak
 An Expectation in all those that see you,
 Of what is Great and Generous in a Man.

Bris. You've read him right.

D'Or. I cannot doubt it, Sir:
 For Friendship in Young Men breeds a Delight
 In doing Great and Worthy things, whereby
 They may tye fast the Bond of Friendship sworn.
 That Prince is happy, who in's Army has

Such Rivals unto Vertue and to Honour ;
And yet rejoice when either courts them well.

Beau. Your Praise will make me study to deserve it.

Enter Malignii.

Brif. Well, Major, have you yet dispos'd the Men ?

Mal. They are all Billeted, saving some few
That were design'd unto the Place you mention'd.

Brif. Make up their Quarters out of those same Blanks
My Servants drew ; and yours, my dearest Friend,
May serve for fix ; I know you will not leave me.

D'Or. Leave that to me ; the Favour's very great :
You have remov'd the Trouble from the Place
That calls my Friend its Landlord.

Brif. But not with an Intention, 't should be put
Upon your Care.

There's Room enough ; he knows how to dispose 'em.

D'Or. I must submit : but please you all to grace
My House and me : and if it do not speak
So large a Welcome as my Heart does mean,
Blame my poor Power, and not my Want of Will.

Brif. Please you to lead the way ; we'll follow.

D'Or. I'm proud to be your Guide in this Occasion.

[Stops him as he is going.]

Mal. Sir, I would speak with you.

Brif. Prithce, *Beaupres*, go you along ;
Tell him, He shall not long expect our Coming.
Now, Major, speak your Business.

[Exit *Beaupres*.]

Mal. Have you design'd your Sister should come here,
And stay this Winter-Quarter 'mongst your Troops ?

Brif. You know I have : But prithce why do'st ask ?
Do'st think that *Tours* is like unto the Camp ?

Mal. No, but—

Brif. But what ? Are there not hundreds more
Of the same Quality that reside here ?

My House not fifteen Leagues from hence,
Why should I bar her being here this Winter ?

'Twas but a Year ago you wonder'd much
I would confine her to a Country Life ;
And said, Her Breeding was not like my Sister's,
Though she did want, no Masters could enrich
Her Mind and Carriage ; yet then you thought fit
She should see *Paris* and its Bravery.

Mal. I hope my Care does give you no Offence ?

Brif. No, honest *Malignii* ; I know you've been
My Friend, since I writ Man : do but speak,
To show the Error of your Friendly Doubts.

Mal. I'm glad you so interpret them.

Brif.

The KILLAIN.

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Brif. I know they are :
Do'st think our Regiment a sweeping Plague,
That does infect whole Towns & quarters in ;
Or that it breaths the Air of Vice on all
The Virgins live in the same Horizon ?
Ha, ha, ha !

I know they're Blades, but yet I think they'll scarce
Presume to venture on my Sister.

Mal. Fie, Sir ! I never thought on that.

Brif. What then ? I cannot guess your meaning.

Mal. Nor I, till Time (which ripens all) disclose it.

Brif. Well then let's wait that Time :

But now it is decreed she comes ;

Beaugres to morrow goes to fetch her hither.

Mal. 'Tis wondrous well and fine.

Brif. What is ?

Mal. This Town.

Brif. I ; Is it not a Lovely Seat ?

But this same River *Loyre* is blest along

Its Banks with several of such Cities.

Come, come: the Governour will stay for us.

Mal. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Colignii and Cortaux.

Cort. I hope thou wilt.

There is a Captain quarters at my House;

Be sure you bid your Sisters treat him well ;

But heark you, Sir ; I'd have you watch their Waters ;

These Men of War will straightways clap aboard.

Colig. I'll warrant you, Father, let me alone.

Cor. But you must still be civil, and give way,

When th' Officers do come to visit.

Colig. What do you mean, Father ? Must I leave the Room

And shut the Door ?

Cor. Away, you Dunce ; I mean, you must take heed

That you do no ways interrupt Discourse.

Colig. I shall, Sir.

Cor. I say you must not by no means.

Pox, how I shall be plagu'd !

Why, they will straight perceive thou art ill-bred.

I'll fend thee straight into the Country ;

For here thou wilt be jeer'd, or may be kill'd

For doing some preposterous foolish thing.

Colig. I fear not that ;

But, good Sir, consider the Smallness of this Stock.

Cor. Why here is more, a Crown in Gold.

Be sure you wear this still but for a show.

Colig.

Colig. I'll do as does befit a Man.

Cor. As does befit a Gudgeon.

Well, Sir, let's see how you will bear yourself:
I fear we shall have some rank Tricks of the School.

Colig. Here comes our Guests, Father.

Enter D'Elpeche, and Servants.

D'Elp. The Master of this House, I think you are.

Cor. The Man that's honour'd with that Title, Sir.

Colig. Yes, 'tis my Father, Sir; and I'm his Son.

D'Elp. I did believe as much.

Sir, I must beg Your Patience for the Trouble.

My Men and I must give you this same Winter;

But they shall still most orderly observe

A just Decorum which befits the Place.

Cor. Your Men!

Why, Sir, I hope your whole Troop is not quarter'd

Upon my House.

D'Elp. Oh no, Sir!

I mean my Servants;

They are Men too.

Col. Yes indeed, Father, are they;

The Gentleman speaks truth;

The Captain, I should say, Sir:

I humbly crave your pardon: 'twas a Mistake.

D'Elp. O Sir, the Fault is not so great.

Colig. I hope so, Sir: I should be loth in any way to offend.

Cor. Hold you your prating;

Sir, you freely may command this House,

And him that's Owner of 't.

D'Elp. Your Servant, Sir.

Cor. And if in ought my Son can do you Service,

Pray command him too.

Col. I, or if my Sisters can do you Service,

Pray command them too.

D'Elp. Sir, I shall study still to be their Servant.

Cor. You must be prating still.

Colig. Why, Father would you not have me civil

To our new Guest, the Captain?

Cor. Yes, but mark me, and imitate.

D'Elp. Are these his Sisters,

Which he talks of, handsome?

Cor. Y'are melancholy, Sir;

Shall we walk in and taste the Fruit?

Or rather Juicy Substance of the last Vintage?

Colig. Which is to say,

Let's crack a Bisket o'er a Glafs of Wine.

D'Elp. I did conceive as much:

I shall wait on you, Sir.

Colig. And I will wait on you, most Noble Captain.

D'Elp. O Lord, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Malignii solus.

Mal. *Beaupres* to morrow goes to fetch her hither;

'Twas so he said.

'Sdeath, can he still be blind?

I've known him subtle as the Air, to find

Another's Secret out; and glide

Through the small Pores that guard the Heart,

And there take view of all that it conceal'd;

Such Power his Cunning and Discourses had;

But now a Mole, or else he seems to be so.

Hair-brain'd *Alce*, lend me but one Snake,

I'll make his Heart the Pasture to maintain it:

And all ye Furies, hold your Torches high,

That they may sparkle fire to his Eyes,

And his Soul bubble o'er as fast as yours;

'Twill be a gallant Flame when his fierce Rage
Shoots forth in flakes like *Aetna* in her Labour;

And *Beaupres* too that is as hot as he,

Shall meet that Ardour with an equal Heat;

Oh how my Soul rejoices when I think on't!

Back, back, ye foolish thoughts of Man, and Honor,

Ye're but Diseases to me, and my Love

Hath long been peester'd with your childish Fears;

That is the Deity which I adore,

And what doth not conduce to profit that,

Shall still be held Heretical by me.

Enter Beaupres.

Ha! What makes him follow me?

Beaup. *Malignii*, as e'er thou wert my Friend,

Excuse me to my Colonel;

I dare not stay, the Healths grow ponderous,

For great Glasses fill'd,

Burthen the Stomach, and make the Head light.

Mal. Why how now, Sir, are you turn'd flincher too?

Nay, then the trick of Drinking will grow stale:

For shame leave not your Colonel so.

Beaup. Why, there be some more Officers with him.

Lamarch is there, and *Boutefeu*, I think,

D'Elpeche is just now enter'd, all ask for you;

For me, I think, they cannot miss this night;

But if my Colonel should chance to ask,

Say, I was much distemper'd, and went home,

Besides to morrow I must be stirring early.

Malig. About your Journey?

'Tis better far than Drinking.
To entertain ones self so near the Joy
With thinking of it.

Beaup. Why, do you find such Pleasure, Sir, in riding ?

Malig. To wait on such fair Objects, Sir, I do.

Beaup. I wonder then you spake not for th'Employment.

Malig. You had prevented me, or else I would.

Beaup. You are mistaken, Sir, my Colonel

Pitch'd upon me, knowing with what Joy

I still was prest t' obey, and do him service.

Malig. Most likely, Sir.

Beaup. Good night, good Major, pray excuse me this time.

[Exit.

Malig. Diseases close your Eyes—

How is my Soul rack'd when I see this Man ?

And yet my Genius will not give me leave,

T' attempt my Quiet by his sudden Death ;

Something there is that awes me strangely :

Conscience I'm sure it is not :

For did he walk with Mark and Curse of Heav'n,

To those that should deprive him of his Life,

I'd wish this Hand had done't ;

Something I must find out, and suddenly,

To thrust him on to Ruine :

His Angel must be watchful if he 'scape me.

[Exit.

Enter D' Orville, as conducting them to the Door ; Boutefeu,

Lamarch, D'Elpeche.

D'Or. I am sorry, Gentlemen, you will not stay.

Bout. 'Tis late, Sir,

And our Colonel will want his Rest.

Lamar. We fear our Trouble has been great already.

D'Or. It was an Honour you have done my House.

D'Elp. No further, Sir, I pray.

Lamar. Sir, I beseech you leave us here.

D'Or. Gentlemen, I'm still obedient to what you command.

D'Elp. Your humblest Servants, Sir.

[Ex. D'Or.

Lam. Now what shall we do ?

No Acquaintance here, *Boutefeu* ?

Nor you, *D'Elpeche* ? Now I think on't better ;

Thou art a Puling Lover ;

Writ'st Verses, or at least pretend'st to't ;

Mak'st all address Upsii *Platonick* ;

I will not go to bed yet :

What are you for ?

Bout. I ? Why any thing.

D'Elpeche, hast e'er a Mistress here,

We may repair to ?

The VILLAIN.

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Two hours with thee's an Age;
I know thou canst not want a Mistress here.

D'Elp. And do you hope I'll bring you to her?

Bout. Why not?

Do'st think I would prophane thy Lady bright
With Scurvy Courting?

Lamar. Or put thee out of Countenance,
With saying things we never did intend,
But yet so quaint and new a Dialect,
That she shall stand amaz'd at our great Wit,
And find by Proof hereafter thou hast none.

D'Elp. Why, you brace of Baboons,
Do not I know it's a Baudy-house you look for?
You Mistresses? *Flanders* Mares;
And those extremely ready to be hors'd,
You'll hardly stay the Courtship else.

Bout. Why, where's the Pleasure of it else?
Daily to wait upon my Lady's Dog;
And pick the Fleas that do molest his Worship;
Make Cringes to her Picture,
Swear 'tis Heav'n to hear her hum an Air,
Though out of Tune.

If she but smile, fall backward in a Rapture;
If frown, fall in a Swoun and break your Face.

Lamar. Or sit and praise the Wit she shows,
In the ingenious chusing of her Colours.

D'Elp. You speak as if I thus employ'd my time.

Bout. Most certainly thou dost.

Lamar. Come, come; shall's go drink?
For yet I will not go to bed.

D'Elp. Fie, fie; we're wondrous hot
With Wine already. I could tell ye.
But you are Brutes, and would do some rude thing.

Bout. I swear we wo'n't.

What is't, or where, *D'Elp.* *Espeche*?

D'Elp. Why look you, Gentlemen,
I'm lodg'd where Beauties live;
Whose Eyes will force high Capers in your Bloods:
Will you prepare your morrow's Visit,
With a quaint Serenade this Night?

Lam. Agreed i'faith; where shall we get the Musick?

D'Elp. That I did bespeak before.

Enter Fiddlers.

See here, I think they're come.

Bout. What are you, Gentlemen,
The merry Boys that saw a Heart in sunder
With your Rosin?

B 2

Mus.

The VILLAIN.

Mus. This Gentleman bespoke us here to night.

D'Elp. I did so ; pray begin.

Mus. What shall we play, Sir ?

D'Elp. The newest Ayrs.

[They play an Air or two.

Bout. Pox on these fine things ;

Can you not play the Siege of Rochel ?

Mus. Yes, Sir.

D'Elp. Fie, Boutefeu, there's a Tune for Ladies !

Bout. Why then let them play

The Tune we made a Song to t'other night.

Lamar. I, I ; by any means.

Lum, terum, tum, &c.

[Lamar. sings the Tune to the Musick.

Mus. Oh, Sir, we know the Tune.

Bout. Begin then ; D'Elpeche, you shall bear your part.

D'Elp. My hope is, they'll not understand us.

Lamar. Come, come ; I'll begin.

The SONG.

Lamar.

HOW happy and free is the Plunder,
When we care not for Jove nor his Thunder ?
Having enter'd a Town,
The Lasses go down,
And to their O'er-comers lie under.

Chorus }
together. }

Then why should we study to love and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?

Bout.

If her Fingers be soft, long, and slender,
When once we have made her to render,
She will handle a Flute.
Better far than a Lute,
And make what was ha---rd to grow te---nder.

Chorus.

Then why should we study, &c.

All three }
sing this }
together. }

When the Houses with Flashes do glitter,
We can sever our Sweets from the Bitter,
And in that bright Night
We can take our Delight,
And no Damsel shall 'scape but we'll hit her.

Chorus.

Then why should we study, &c.

D'Elp. Peace, peace ; pray peace,
The Window opens.

Play and sing that I sent you to night.

Mus. We shall, Sir.

Lamar. Plague o' your Tuning, ye Dogs ;
Cannot your Instruments stand in Tune
One quarter of an Hour ?

D'Elp. Prithee, Lamarch, be silent.

SONG

The VILLAIN.

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The SONG

I.

SEE where Calisto wheels about
The Northern Axle-tree of Heaven,
And swift Bootes still does rout
Before his Lash the glittering Seven.
View then those Eyes which are more fair
Than any Star that glitters there.

II.

Fair Calliopeia would'st thou gain
The Prize of Glory in thy Sphere
Try then to borrow of these Twain:
Two pair of Eyes that shine more clear:
For whilst they sparkle here below,
Obscure Lights we cannot know.

III.

In Nights they far out-shine the Moon,
And render them like glorious Days,
They may contend at height of Noon
To equalize the Sun's bright Rays:
Their Coronet of Hair, though brown,
Does far out-shine Ariadne's Crown.

IV.

Then gently dart those Beams; for know
How quick and fiercely they surprize
The Cent'nels that expect below
The Dawning of your beautiful Eyes:
We are your Plants, and if we thrive,
'Tis by your Influence that we live.

[The Window opens quick.

Bout. Ladies, does this please you?

D'Elp. Prithee be silent.

Lamar. Why? Have you prepar'd any more Tricks for them?

Bout. Besides, we would fain hear
The heavenly Musick of their Voices.
Ladies, can you vouchsafe a Parley?

Mar. We, can Sir;
Though that must never give you any hopes,
The Fort is to be render'd.

Bout. We ask it not upon those Terms.

Franc. If you do, Sirs,

We'll

We'll straight advance our Flag of high Defiance.

Lam. What Colour bears it, Lady?

Or what Motto?

For it needs must be extraordinary,

Since Women hold it forth.

Franc. See, Sir, the Colour's white;

And for the Motto,

Sister, what shall it be?

Maria. Any thing, the Colour speaks it self,

'Tis Innocence.

Lam. So are your Sheets, Lady.

Maria. And shall be so still for you, Sir.

Lam. Say you so? Why then come, doleful Death.

D'Elp. Come, come, *Lamarch*, we shall grow troublesome,

'Tis late, Ladies, we humbly kiss your Hands.

Both. We are your Servants, Sir.

[*Shut to the Window.*]

Bout. Why in such haste, *D'Elpeche*?

Pox, why did you take leave so soon?

I was studying of a fine Speech, which now you've spoil'd.

D'Elp. No matter, to morrow will serve,

I'll teach thee one without Book by that time.

Bout. I'm much beholden to your Learning, Sir.

Enter the Round.

Round. Stand, who goes there? speak to the Round.

Lam. Friends to the Guard.

Round. I think you are some of the Officers

That last came to Town.

D'Elp. You are in the right, Gentlemen.

But whither so fast this way?

Round. To the Governour, Sir, for the Keys:

There is some Noble-Man at the Gate,

Desires presently to be let into Town.

D'Elp. Know ye who 'tis?

Round. No; but he desires straight to be conducted

To the Governour. Good night, Gentlemen, 'tis late.

Lam. We know it, Sirs.

Bout. Come, we two go together.

D'Elpeche, you are at home.

Lam. Adieu, Monsieur; we may, I hope,

See these Ladies to morrow.

D'Elp. Much may be done, as ye behave your selves.

Bout. Adieu, Formality.

D'Elp. Good night, Swash.

[*Exeunt severally.* *Bout.* and *Lamar.* go out with Musick playing them to their Lodging.

Enter

Enter D'Orville, making himself ready, and Servants.

D'Or. I wonder who't should be thus late?

Serv. Some Express from Court, Sir.

D'Or. I, certainly; but what about, I cannot guess.

Get things in readiness:

They say it is a Man of Quality.

Serv. Shall I wake the Colonel?

D'Or. By no means;

The Compliment were ill, to stay him here

This Night and trouble him.

Be sure there be no noise made

About his Chamber.

Serv. There shall not, Sir.

D'Or. Go then, dispatch, and let a Room be straight provided,

That he may rest himself.

What should this Summons mean?

I hope the King is well.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter General, La Bar, and the Guards, with Lights before 'em.

Gener. I hope you'll pardon this Disturbance.

D'Or. The greatest Honour could arrive unto me.

Gener. La Bar, give the Guard to drink.

They're careful Men, and ought to be rewarded.

[Exit Guard.]

D'Or. I'm glad you found 'em so;

If negligent, the Blame had all been mine.

[Aside.]

But, Sir, I hope no evil Accident.

Is cause that you travel now so late.

Gener. None, I assure you, Governour.

I had a great desire to wait upon you,

And free my self from the tempestuous Noise,

And turbulent Cares the Court afflicts us with:

I hope all Health possesses your fair Daughter.

D'Or. She cannot want it, Sir, that has your Wishes:

But you are weary, Sir, and want repose.

Gener. Indeed I am;

We have rid hard to day:

No Lodgings to be found in all the Suburbs,

Else we had spar'd you this Night's trouble.

D'Or. You then had wrong'd your Servant much.

But, Sir, 'tis Morning, you may breakfast

Before you go to bed.

Gener. Not now, for I am wondrous weary.

D'Or. I shall conduct you then unto your Chamber.

Gener. Come, La Bar, I think thou sleep'st.

[Exit before D'Orville La Bar.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Malignii solus.**Mal.* **H**E's gone,

And may the Plagues of Hell pursue his steps.

How diligent he is to my undoing!

I have been all this Night as watchful too

As he; though from a different Cause;

For mine was Malice, and a jealous Hate,

That tenter-hook'd my Eye-lids, when as sleep

Did poize 'em down;

Curst be the Guards that let him forth,

At that dead time of Night,

Some Trick might else have stay'd his Journey;

And may be hers from coming hither;

I shall grow mad to see this beard-less Boy

Out-rival me in what I most esteem.

Oh *Bellemont*, too cruel, and too fair!

But yet, I will not fall alone;

That minute, *Malignii*, thy Hopes shall leave thee,

Resolve, all Bliss and Comfort shall leave her,

Unless thy Wits with Hope shall take their flight.

For I am not that curious Coxcomb Lover,

That suffers patiently, and will admit

He not deserves when she does think unfit.

They that can make me suffer without pity,

Deserve Infections from my Brains Requital.

—I have it, — or if that fail,

Boutefeu's an Engine I can set a-work.

A blunt, conceited Fool——

And for his Temper——

I'll manage him, no Chymist with more Art,

And when I please his Worship flies in *Fumo*.

But first, I'll to my Colonel to move,

All fails is best to catch a fleeting Love.

[Exit.]

*Enter D'Orville, Charlotte.**D'Or.* You know I never did refuse you ought

Was sitting you shou'd ask, or I should grant;

Nor am I such a jealous Fool, *Charlotte*,

To doubt the strength of your fair Education:

But as it is your Duty to obey,

So it is mine to tell you freely now,

Wherein

Wherein and how I do expect it from you.
You know what Guest arrived here last night,
(Whose Father was the maker of my fortune)
He's young, and has a presence too too fair
To trust a Courtship without timely counsel;
I know his aim's at you.

Charl. 'Tis more than yet I am acquainted with;
Do you not mean *Brisac*?

D'Orv. No, no, you know I don't;
Or are you ignorant of visits that concern you?

'Tis *Clairmont* the young brave General
Arriv'd here when we were all a-bed.

Charl. Truly I did not know so much.

D'Orv. Nor had you no suspicion of his coming?

Charl. Why do you ask me, Sir?

Do you suspect secret intelligence
'Twixt him and me? I hope my Honour's fair
In your belief, else truly I am wrong'd.

D'Orv. It is, my dearest Girl;
Nor is it an opinion of thy weakness

That draws this counsel from me,
But tender care my love does owe thy youth,
And as a Father I do owe my Child.

Charl. Proceed, dear Sir,
And from me expect a full obedience.

D'Orv. Know then, (*Charlotte*) a Maid with beauty stor'd,
Ought to be Mistress of much care and wit,
Not to esteem the Treasure of a face
Or body, more than of a fairer mind.
I counsel no neglect of them; but still
With equal labour strive to gain the Prize
Of Beauty's Laurel, and of being wise;
Or else your sob'rest looks will still provoke
And what you meant for Chast be constr'd Love;
Till you have got repute of all the world
That you are virtuous, as they think you fair:
Then like a beauteous Field of Corn you'll show,
Which none may reap, though all admire and wish,
Till the right Owner calls this Harvest home.
Nor Love consents that Beauty's Field lie waste,
Weed out all Vice, and plant fair Virtue there;
Of all, be wary of an easie Faith,
A root that quite destroys a virtuous mind;
The bitter seed is Candy'd with sweet words,
Which when the Sugar's melted all away,
Does shoot up into infamy and ruine;
For though that Nature made you to be won,

Yield

Yield not till by a fair Approach you're taken.
D'ye understand me what I mean by this?

Charl. I shall do, Sir, by that time you have ended.

D'Or. In short, I'd have you know
In fewer Words without all Parables,
I am not ignorant why *Clairmont* comes hither,
And though he does pretend a weariness
Of business, and the crowding of a Court,
'Tis to see you he comes, and so he'll tell you;
Thus far I know: but whether ill or well
He means in his addresses, you'll best learn.
In fine, your Honour now (which still is mine)
Depends upon the Tryal of your Vertue,
And if your Beauty could attract his Eyes,
Your Vertue try'd will tye 'em constant to you.

Charl. All these have been the Lessons of my Mother,
And I may hope that I am perfect in 'em.

D'Or. I hope so too, *Charlotte*; and so I leave you,
For I do hear *Clairmont's* already up.

[*Ex. D'Or.*]

Charl. What wondrous Pains our Parents seem to take!

Who, though they gave us Natures, cannot frame

What they themselves have made, obedient to them.

I thank my Stars, mine is not so deprav'd,

That I need blush the owning of its Passions.

But why my Soul, Image of Heav'nly Good,

Should stoop to Earth, and hearken to the World,

And the base Cries of worldly Interest,

None but a Father's Care can reason give:

For I'm too young and innocent to know

Tricks of dissembling and forc'd Piety.

Clairmont's a worthy Man, I must confess,

And one, whose Love were too much Honor for me:

Nor could I just Exceptions ever find

Against his Person; yet, to speak the Truth,

I never yet could find my self inclin'd

To love his Person, or his glorious Mind,

Esteem as much as ever I could give,

He still receiv'd from me, as Reverence due.

But whither art thou fled, my Innocence?

I grow too knowing; can Distinctions make

Beyond my Lessons, 'twixt Esteem and Love;

Do know their Different Concords on the Mind,

And can distinguish either's Harmony.

For shame, *Charlotte*, be silent in thy Fault:

Ha! I hope I have committed none as yet,

Nor do I think I ever shall:

Love, 'tis true; but thousand Deaths I'll dye

E're

The VILLAIN.

19

E're I betray my Frailty to the Man,
He ne'er shall brag one look hath conquer'd me;
For though my Love be vertuous, yet so soon
To be o'ercome will argue easiness;
Alas! Why should it though? Must it be Time
Should conquer more than Sympathy of Mind?
Great God of Love, pity a Virgin's Fate,
And if I must be wounded by thy Hand,
Spare not the Instrument that caus'd my Harm;
If he be wounded too I shall not mourn.
Lord! How I talk? But Womens Hearts oppress'd,
Will breathe their Secrets to the careless Air,
Rather than silence keep: great God of Love,
Once more I beg that thou my Patron prove.

Enter Collignii, Courtaux.

Col. O Lord, Sir! D'ye think I know not what I do?
Cort. Before Heaven, I'll break thy Head,
If thou but attempt it.
Col. That's a good one i'th faith;
I know you do but try my Civility,
And whether I can be peremptory in good Manners;
In fine, I am resolute, and so much for that.
Cort. Well, and so much for that too.
Col. Nay, now I am resolv'd,
Nor shall thy Fate, O Rome——
Cor. Will ye? Will ye, Sirrah?
Curse on thy Folly, it will be my Shame.
Col. I'm sure yours will be my Shame;
Nay, a Shame to our whole Family.
Not requite Obligations?
Ingratitude's a black Sin.

Cort. But why in the open day?

Col. -Because they shall know 'twas I did it.

Cort. They'll take thee for a Fidler,

And think thou com'st to give them their welcome

To th' Town.

Col. P'heu! I'll warrant ye; why do I look

Like a Fidler? ha, ha, ha!

Enter Mariane, Francibel.

Cor. Here's your Sisters,

Ask 'em if it were fit.

Col. What, am not I as wife as they?

Tho' they be of our Council for the hemming of your

Bands and Cuffs, I hope I know what belongs to

Gallantry, as they call't.

Mar. Indeed you are a prime Gallant.

Franc. Yes faith, ask the Woman of the Tennis-Court else,

C 2

Who

Who beat you for filching of her Balls to play
At Bowls on Holidays.

Mar. For Stew'd-Prunes and Ginger-bread.

Col. Out, Puss—

Cort. Nay, nay, I think they'll tell you your own.

Mar. Pray, Sir, what trim thing would he do now?

Cort. S'dearth, he would carry the Fiddlers to give
The Gentlemen that were at your Window last night

A Serenade at Noon-day.

Fran. Cokes him, Pugg—

Col. Baggages, I would so thrum your jackets.

If it were not for my Father,

I should make you more mannerly.

Mar. Away, Gull—

Cort. Nay, nay, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Col. I will have Musick for the Gentlemen,

As far as this can go, and that you shall see too,

And so be with ye.

Mar. Nay, pray stay, Sir, let him have his humor.

Cort. Pox on's humors, my Purse will be the lighter
For his humors.

Fran. Not lighter than his head, P'le warrant ye.

Mar. I find my Father's consideration in this business.

Proceeds from the Purse, more than any folly.

He conceives in the Action.

Fran. Truly, Sister, I am much of your opinion.

But do'st think the Blades will come to visit us to day?

Mar. P'le warrant you; prethee let's in, we are not

Half in order to receive them.

Enter General and La-Barr.

Clar. How careful are we in a trifling dress,

As if our clothes put stops unto the mind,

And fram'd the harmony of our Mistrefs thoughts?

Lab. It argues cleanly curiosity,

A thing that draws the subtlest Lady's eyes

To an attention of the person,

Clair. But do'st thou like this dress?—

I am so little us'd to care how 'tis,

I know not when I'm well,

I us'd to take my Taylor's word,

But now I am growing mighty scrupulous.

Prethee survey me well,

How is my Hair here? P'le wear no Cloak;

A Sword and Belt alone does better.

Lab. A good shape still thinks it warm.

Clair. How can I chuse, when I am all on fire?

Oh! how I long to see my fair Charlotte!

Lab.

Lab. But have you quite forgot your fair Belinda?
Clair. Thou know'st she never would be kind;
 Would'st have me dote for ever without hopes?
Beside, I like her not so well as this.
Lab. Yet if I might but freely speak my thoughts—
Clair. Prethee do.
Lab. I think her beautiful as any one.
Clair. I thought so too once,
 But she was coy, pestilent coy.
Lab. 'Tis true, there was something in the wind;
 More than I understood: she would have hearken'd else.
 Here comes her Brother, Sir,

Enter Brisac, D'Elpeche, Lamarch, Bouteven, Clairmont severally.

Clair. Have you been well quarter'd, Gentlemen?
It was my chiefest care you should be so.
Bris. Extremely well, Sir, we humbly thank you.
Clair. Well, what news? how d'ye mean to pass this Winter?
Bris. We little hop'd to have had the happiness,
 That your fair presence brings unto the place.
Clair. What can there be more pleasant to the mind,
 Than sharing mirth, with those we have shar'd in danger?
 We will be merry, Gentlemen, shall we not?
 Are the Players good that are in Town?
Monfieur D'Elpeche, you know, you are a Virtuoso.
D'Elp. They say themselves they will do wonders for us,
 I never saw 'em act.
Bris. I think the self same Band was once at Orleans.
Bout. The same, Sir, had the great mischance:
Clair. What was it, prethee?
Bout. Acting *Orpheus's* descent into Hell,
 Their Fire-works set a fire on the Stage,
 Which burnt some part o'th' Town.
Clair. The Town then shar'd in their misfortune.
Bout. Most certain, Sir.
Clair. But Colonel, what Ladies are in Town,
 You are a Neighbour born unto this place.
Bris. But 'tis long since I have frequented it.
 The fair *Rosella* I do hear is dead;
 My old Miser broke her heart with grief.
Clair. Was she so handsome as her fame did speak?
Bris. When I was here last,
 I did not study much what Beauty was,
 But yet, methought, I was much pleas'd to see her.
Clair. But don't you now observe with stricter eyes
 A Lady's features?

Bris.

Bris. Troth, Sir, methinks I do begin
 Nay, I have seen a Lady in this Town
 Not much unlike her.

Clair. Prithce who is't?

Bris. Sir, that were to disclose my inclinations,
 For I extremely like, and that's a-kin to Love.

Clair. And sha'n't I be your confidant?
 I'll be very secret.

Bris. When I begin to love indeed,
 Perchance I then will tell you:

But yet the Secret is not worth your hearing.

Clair. I'll take your word till then.

Bris. But may I dare to hope
 You'll be as free with me?

For you of later Years

Have much frequented Towns,

'Tis sure for something.

Clair. I know not whether it be safe or no,

To trust young Men like you with my Love-Secrets.

Bris. Most safely, Sir.

A Man like you needs never fear a Rival,

Especially of me.

Clair. I shall be glad to hold you still my Friend.

Bris. And I much honour'd in that Title, Sir.

Enter D'Orville.

Clair. Governour, your humblest Servant,
 I hope you have excus'd my last night's Trouble.

D'Or. You know not, Sir, with what great Zeal

I still shall court the Honour of your Presence.

Clair. I know your Goodness, Sir, is infinite.

So is my Will to shew how much I love you.

D'Or. I then need envy no Man.

But will you please to see the Works this Morning?

There are some things are lately finish'd

Do add much Strength to this fair Place.

Clair. With all my heart. Come, I'll go see the Works.

These are the Off-spring of a Soldier's Brain,

Which if they perfect prove, do serve to keep

And cherish him in's Age from pressing Foes

They're Children left to th' Parish to maintain,

And we the bold Parishioners must do it.

Enter Beaupres and Bellmont, Layson, Boy,
as from Travelling.

Beau. Let the Coach be led about by the Bridge,

We here can pass the River with a Boat,

And land at the Garden-Door.

Boy. We shall, Sir.

Beau. Now, fairest Bellmont, is the Minute come,
In which your heav'nly charity must grant
All that I e're can wish for in this World,
Or render me the most unhappy in it.
Oh speak my Bellmont, are you so resolv'd?

Bellm. Why Sir? do you think my mind so soon can alter?
You know I promis'd to fulfill your will.

Beau. No certainly, I cannot fear that ill.
But, fairest, if your ears were ever charm'd
With the harmonious sound of one sweet strain,
Would you not wish to hear it play'd agen?
How willingly we hear of joys are past?
But how much more of those we are to taste?
The Fryer will attend us in this walk;
I wonder he appears not yet,

The hour's past I did appoint our coming.

Bellm. But pray, Sir, give me leave to ask a question:
And answer me without dissimulation.

Beau. As to my Ghostly Father, were I dying,

Bellm. I know there are no greater Friends on earth
Than you, dear Sir, and my dear Brother are;
Why do you not impart this business to him?

Beau. I'll tell you.

Bellm. Stay: do you think he doth suspect nothing?

Beau. Truly I think he does not.

Bellm. Pray, Sir, then answer what I first did ask.

Beau. That I am honour'd with his kindest love,
I really believe; and that's one reason why I'm silent to him.

Bellm. That now I do not understand.

Beau. That he does love me, as I said before,
I think most certain; so the reason is
Of all mens perfect love to one another
A great opinion they are belov'd too;
But did he know the passion I have for you,
He then might doubt my friendships perfectness,
And think it join'd with ends upon
His goodness to me; and my love to you,
Bred but Profession of a love to him.
This, Time I judge could cure him of,
But yet, the doubt I know at first will breed
A coldness in him; and that coldness shake
Poor me into such Mortal apprehensions,
At it would pity you to see it.
That he believes I love you, I don't question.
And shall do daily more, when you are mine.
For I would have the knowledge grow upon him.

Besides, since that we firmly have resolv'd that nought
Shall hinder the uniting of our hearts.

Let's strive to meet our bliss the nearest way.

And let dull Travellers pursue the Road.

Bellm. If it be bliss to make you master of

A thing I fear's not worth your so great joy,

Know, all that pleases you, brings such content

Unto my mind, that I shall study still,

Out of self-interest, how to please you most.

Here, Sir, can this hand by a proxy wed

It's heart to yours, for that was given first.

Beau. And I most blest in this delivery:

But I will now be base as Tradesmen are

Not trust, without the bond be sign'd, and seal'd.

'Tis all my wealth, of which I am Covetous.

Enter Fryer.

Here's one can draw it up for ever sure;

Welcome, most honored Sir.

Fryer. All happiness attend you, Son.

And to this Lady what my prayers can gain.

I did not think you would be here before me.

Beau. We're making haste into our haven, Sir.

And you're the Pilot that we did attend.

Fryer. I know fair Lady you're acquainted with

The purposes that my Son did mention to me?

Bellm. I hope a blush will be unnecessary

In actions you allow.

Reverent Sir, I am,

And crave your help as earnestly as he.

Fryer. Where mutual hearts express the same consent,

Heavens blessings give,

As to the proper Emblem of the Church,

And may all yours be doubl'd on your heads.

Beau. Thanks, kindest Father.

Bellm. Thanks, most Reverent Sir.

Fryer. Come, follow me, where I will make you One,

Till death does cancel what you promise now:

And may you still hereafter blest the minute.

Enter Lamarch, Boutefeu, banging about D'Elpeche.

Lam. Come come prethee, D'Elpeche, be not so nice,

I tell thee thou shalt chuse,

And one will serve us both.

D'Elp. On that condition, Gentlemen, I am for you.

Bout. Why, I'm content, I swear I'll break no Covenants.

D'Elp. Boutefeu, have you your speech ready?

You mention'd one last night.

Bout. Yes that I have, pox' do you think I cannot talk

As

As finely as you, with your Metaphors and Tricks?

Lam. Yes that a can, for all a looks so.

Well Monsieur, we shall hear what sport you'll make,
For I am your Rival.

Bout. I but, Monsieur, I would scarce advise you
To make sport with me before our Mistress:
D' ye mark that, Sir?

Lam. Most lovingly I do intend to deal;
What shall we be? Centaurs, or Lapithes?
Quarrel about a Wench? no, *Pilades*,
I thy *Orestes* will be still thy friend,
And yet thy Rival in affection, Bully.

Bout. Hey toff, hard words, that I forbid in our bargain;
I'll snatch away the Wench, if you begin to talk so there;
'Sdeath I shall be bought, and sold, and not know what they mean;
No, no, I'll have none of that, here's *D'Elpeche* can talk
Hard Words enough for us all.

D'Elpe. I Sir, but I shan't steer your course,
I'll leave you to the storms of loud Laughter.

Lam. Wee'll begin with you, ha, ha, ha, ———
See who'll fare best you or we.

Bout. I, I, then let e'm laugh that win;
Two against one is odds at foot-ball.

Lam. Oh I could bite thy lips off for that;
Nay, nay, the tyde comes in, for Wit begins to flow;
Knock, knock, *D'Elpeche*, here is the house.

D'Elpe. Nay, the door is open, Enter Gentlemen, 'tis
My Lodging.

[Exit.

*Re-Enter D'Elpeche, leading Mariane, Lamarch and
Boutefeu, Francibel.*

Franc. 'Tis too much honour, Gentlemen,
And I'm too much acquainted with my self,
Ever to hope that I can please you both.

Bout. P'heu never fear that, Lady:
If you will, I know you can do more than that does come to.

Franc. As how, good Sir?

Bout. Nay, Souldiers never give an Explication of that they
Say or do.

Lam. They may, Sir, to their Mistress,
Without the forfeit of their reputation.

Bout. But what if they w'on't, Sir?

Lam. Then they may chuse, Sir.

Franc. Most certain, Sir, this Gentleman speaks truth.

Bout. Why then I think ye both are answered;
But, Lady, as I was about to tell ye,
I love most passionately when I do begin.

D

Lam.

Lam. And I began, the minute that I saw you.

Bout. But that's foul play, to end a Speech that I Began.

Lam. Why, Sir? I have not made an end yet.

Bout. Prethee then do, and leave us to our selves,
Or go and help *D'Elpeche*, he's out of breath.

D'Elpe. 'Tis then with laughing to see your fine dispute.

Ha, ha, ha——

Mar. Ha, ha, ha, Sister, Sister, ware Guns, ye're besieg'd.

Franc. Look you to your own affairs, I'm well mann'd,
And can resist the fiercest storm.

Bout. Well said, you need fear no Attacques
As long as we are with you.

D'Elpe. Why, Sir, 'tis from you she fears them most,
And from your Friend; See, he has ta'n in
Her hand already.

Bout. Troth now I think I'm ev'n with him.

[*Lamar is kissing her hand.*
Bout. kisses the other.

D'Elpe. That thou art, keep still to that, Boy.
See, fairest Mistress, how happy those men are
That venture boldly on,

And fear not the mortal Cannon of a frown.

Mar. But you more cunningly approach the Fort,
And hope to undermine it e're expected.

D'Elp. Not I, by this fair hand.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Mar. You might have spar'd the Oath, yet been believ'd.

D'Elp. No, I will rather swear again, than want credit.

[*Again.*

By this fair hand, the Emblem of your mind,
I love you much, yet is my love as pure

As the white Snow this so resembles.

You are too young and innocent to frame

A Rebel thought, were I made up of ill——

Mar. But, good Sir, swear no more, I will believe you,
And if you're wise, you will believe your self.

D'Elp. I will do any thing that you will have me.

Mar. Pray then let's mark how they behave themselves.

Franc. So have I seen a Damfel led to Church,

But by such proper Men I ne're saw any.

Why, Gentlemen, I have use for one hand,

Pray let that go.

Lam. I do, *Boutefeu*, prethee let her hand go.

Bout. Not I, by Heaven, why don't you, Sir?

Franc. Fie, Gentlemen, Lord how it tickles!

Lam. What does, Madam?

Franc. Why my lip, a flie bit it just now.

Bout. That's but an excuse.

Franc. Sir, may be I've a mind to blow my nose.

Bout. I'll do't for you with thy other hand.

Lam.

Lam. Nay, rather, Madam, I will quit my hold.

Bout. And I'll not be behind-hand in Civility.

Fran. I thank ye, Gentlemen, but you, Sir, first,
For you did show the way.

Bout. Well, but I let go too.

Fran. You did so, Sir, and I thank'd you too.

D'Elp. Did you ever see such Courtship?

Mar. Not I truly, Sir; for pity let's relieve her.

D'Elp. Well, Gentlemen, how are ye
With your fair Mistress?

Lam. Troth like Beginners, how are you there?

Bout. Sure that very young Lady is not so brisk
In her Answers.

D'Elp. We have beaten a Parly, or rather Truce
For some time, for we have left Parlying;
But, fairest *Mariane*, will you but blefs
Our Ears with one sweet Air?

Mar. My Sister, Sir, sings much better.

Fran. Nay, fie, Sister; now I must say
You shall sing; you should else have wanted
My Intreaty; jeer me before Company?
You know I never could, nor would sing.

D'Elp. I hope her Authority and my Prayers
May be successful.

Mar. I will not long be intreated,
For then you will expect much more
Than what you're like to hear from me.

Fran. Sister, Prithee sing, *When Celadon gave up his Heart.*

Mar. No laughing, Gentlemen, I bar that before-hand,
Your pardons I'll beg afterwards.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN Celadon gave up his Heart

A Tribute to *Astrea's* Eyes;

She smil'd to see so fair a Prize,

Which Beauty had obtained more than Art.

But Jealousie did seemingly destroy

Her chiefest Comfort, and her chiefest Joy.

II.

Base Jealousie, that still dost move

In Opposition to all Bliss;

And teachest those to do amiss,

Who think by thee, they Tokens give of Love:

But if a Lover ever will gain me,

Let him love much, but flee all Jealousie.

D 2

D'Elp.

D'Elp. And I will be that Lover, Lady ;
For I protest I hate the vice extreamly :
The fear of Thieves is worse than the loss we can
Sustain by them : we're still a being rob'd.

Franc. Right, Sir : As the Coward who fears death
Dyes ten thousand times.

Lamar. That Coward am I, Lady,
As often as I cast mine Eyes upon your Face,
My heart's at my Mouth, and wants but your
Kind acceptance to be rid of me.

Bout. Or you of it ; for a cowardly heart is not
Worth the keeping.

Lamar. Sir, I may make bold with my self, though I could
Wish you would not.

Franc. Fie, fie, Gentlemen, come give me your hands again,
Sister, prethee one Song *A la Ronde*.

*They all joyn hands and dance in a Ring , answering
all togther at the Chorus.*

S O N G.

I.

Maria. Amaryllis told her Swain,
Amaryllis told her Swain,
That in love he should be plain,
And not think to deceive her.

[Chorus etiam bis.]

Chor. Still he protested on his truth
That he would never leave her.

II.

If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,
And that thou ne'r dost leave me,
There's ne'r a Swain in all this plain
That ever shall come near thee.

[Chorus bis.]

Chor. For Garlands and Embroider'd Scripts,
For I do love thee dearly.

III.

But Colin if thou change thy Love,
But Colin if thou change thy Love,
A Tygres then I'll to thee prove
If e'er thou dost come near me.

[Chorus etiam bis.]

Chor. Amaryllis, fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Maria. Fie, how I'm out of breath &

Franc.

Fran. Faith so am I too, pray let's go in and take
The Air of the Garden.

Lamar. Come, Madam.

Bout. Nay, Sir, take t'other hand, this was mine before.

Lamar. Very good, Sir, go, *D'Elpeche*, we'll follow.

[Pulls Bout. by the Belt as he leads in Francibel.]
I would speak with you, leave 'em. *[Softly.]*

Re-Enter with Boutefeu.

Lamar. How comes it, Sir, that in a pastime you dare do
Base injuries? does your brutality not let you know
How you should use your friends?

Bout. Brutality! ha! thou art a Brute to say so, draw!

Lamar. This way a little, there we may be spy'd.

Enter Colignii with Fiddlers.

Colig. God's my life, here they are! how luckily too;
And hard by our house! play, Gentlemen, play.

[The Fiddlers strike up.]

Bout. What the Devil's this? some come to jeer us?

[Beats the Fiddlers.]

Colig. Why, Gentlemen, what do ye mean?

Is this for my civility?

Lamar. What civility, thou As?

Prethee be gone, and quickly too.

Colig. So I will, that I will, if you'll put up your Swords;
Why d'ye draw your Swords upon me? I'm sure I meant
No harm in't, but to make you marry.

Enter D'Elpeche.

D'Elp. Why, how now, Gentlemen, what's the matter?
Swords drawn? fie, 'tis childish thus 'mongst Friends.

Col. O brave, here's our Guest, nay now I care not,
He'll not see me wrong'd.

Why, Sir, I came purely to requite the obligation
Ye all did my Sisters last night, and truly seeing them two,
I thought you had been in the company too, and so
I had the Musick play, but, Lord, had you seen how
That tall Gentleman kick'd 'em, and how angry
This same Gentleman was with me;

Why, pray, Captain, what hurt was there in this?

I'm sure I meant them no more hurt than my own soul.

D'Elp. Go you home, the Gentlemen are much in drink,
But I'll appease 'em for you, and we'll be all
Friends, and drink together.

Col. Marry, I thought there was something in the matter.
Pox on their drink, they frighted me plaguily;
God b' you, noble Captain.

[Exit.]

D'Elp. Fie, *Lamar*, are you not ashamed, and
You, *Boutefeu*, Friends and Cam'rades, to quarrel
For a Flye, a nothing?

Bout. A question'd me with scurvy terms.

Lamar.

Lamar. You us'd me scurvily, I'm sure, Sir.

Bout. Pox! I meant no harm in't,
And had ye askt me civilly, I had told ye so.

D'Elp. Away with your Punctilios,
They're pretty things to use to others, but 'mongst
Our selves, 'tis madness; come, let's see ye fight, O y'are
Brave Fellows, why don't ye begin? the *Montano*, the
Reverse, the *Stoccado*, the *hey*, courage Blades.

Bout. Hang your self, *D'Elpeche*.

Lam. Before *George*, we'll try these tricks upon thee,
If thou be'st not quiet, and two to one, you know,
Boutefeu said, was odds.

D'El. Come, ye two Fools, I'll ha' this Fool that was
Here just now, make you two Fools Friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clairmont, Brisac, Charlotte, La-bar, Attendants.

Clair. Madam, it is a Sin beyond a Pardon,
But that your Father easily cannot err,
In the opinion of the World,
To cloister up a Beauty of such worth,
Fitter for Courts and Princes to admire.
Is it not true, *Brisac*? Why art thou melancholy?

Char. I can't believe that he's of your opinion.

Bris. What was it, Madam, that he said?
For, Sir, my thoughts were bent so strong,
They took away the sense of all my hearing.

Clair. Why, I was blaming of her Father much.
To bless this only Town with his fair Daughter,
And render all that's *France* besides unhappy
In the privation of her fairest presence.

Bris. I do not doubt she'd be the fairest light
In any Hemisphere she pleas'd to shine in,
But she can find many Adorers here,
And not like Prophets, lose her light at home.

Clair. But Heav'n would have us all admire its work,
As all should this the fairest it e'er made.

Bris. Consider then how many Hereticks
This glorious contemplation must needs make,
For many would ne'er think how Heav'n made her,
But think her Heav'n her self.

Charl. I'm glad I can so aptly prove
A subject for your Mirth or Wit.

Clair. Madam, such subjects as you are,
I must confess, do heighten Wit,
For they do rarifie by purest flames
The dullest Lovers thoughts and heart.

Bris. Such Subjects, Madam, make all subject to 'em.

Char.

Char. So, Gentlemen, how long can this stile last?

Bris. As long as we find such fair matter for't,
Which being Infinite in you, may prove Eternal.

Enter Beaupres, Bellmont, Lufbon.

Clair. *Brisac*, your Sister.

Bris. *Beaupres*, welcom, welcom, dear Sister.

[They all salute.]

Friend have you seen the General yet?

Beau. I should be proud you would present me to him.

Bris. One that begs the title of your Servant.

Clair. I'm his, I do assure you, Sir;

For I'm acquainted with his worth already.

Beau. You honour me too much, Sir.

Bris. Sister, I'll make you happy,

In bringing you acquainted with a Lady.

In whose fair conversation all that's good

Is to be learn'd.

Bellm. A Loving Brother I have ever found you;

But in this most kind.

Char. To me his obligation is so great,

That I must still remain his thankful debtor.

Clair. *La-barr*, how am I here confounded!

I cannot see 'em both together.

I'm sorry that some bus'ness calls me hence;

Your Servant, Ladies; Gentlemen, I'm yours.

Bris. What made him go away so soon?

He mention'd no such haste when he came hither.

Bellm. I guess the Cause.

Beau. Peace, dear *Bellmont*.

Bris. What is it, Sister?

Bellm. Some business with the Governor,

What should it be else?

Char. I, I; but Madam, are you not extremely weary?

Bellm. I never can, when I'm so near you, Madam.

Bris. You see the Sister speaks the Brother's thoughts.

Char. So fair a mouth as hers will ne're want credit.

But come, fair Sister, let me call ye so;

You see how rude ambitious Love does make me,

Let me conduct you to refresh your self.

Enter Malignii.

Malign. Hem, *Beaupres*, hem, I'd speak with you alone.

Beau. I'll return immediately.

Malign. I wish thou wouldst to thy first nothing.

Thou'rt young and stout.

And if I can but fire thee—

Enter Beaupres.

Oh you're welcom, Sir, you brought the Lady, I see.

Beau. The Lady, Sir, I went for: I have brought

Malign.

Malig. Ye have done well,
For people of his quality ought not
To stay a Minute for their Mistresses.
You have made haste, and us'd much diligence.

Beau. What Quality d'ye mean?
What Mistresses?

Malig. Why, did not she tell you who she came to see?
But may be now her mind is altered;
For Women are most Fickle.

Beau. *Malignii*, sure thou dream'st,
Or art distemper'd much with Wine;
What is't thou talk'st of?

Malig. the fair *Bellmont*,
Clairmont's Mistress, she whom *Brisac* sent thee for;

Beau. Oh! is that the business?
Why I can assure you *Clairmont* was not thought of,
When he desir'd me to go.

Malig. Nor she did not think to meet him here?

Beau. Not that I know of.

Malig. Certainly then you are not very intimate with her.

Beau. Not much, nor don't pretend to't.

Malig. Nay, *Boutefeu* told me so, ye have my Author:
But I was vex't to see you sent *Ambassador*,
And ignorant of what was in the Commission.

Beau. How came *Boutefeu* acquainted with this secret?

Malig. P'heu, he knows more than that,
There's nothing that she ever hideth from him.

Beau. A Horse, a Fool!

Malig. Does the Worm bite?
Faith, Sir, these Horse Fools sometimes do take a Lady
More than a spruce witty Courtier.

Every one of them have a humor.

Beau. But I mistake hers much, if hers be so.

Mal. I do not say it is——

I hope you don't think I had such a meaning.

Beau. I ne're interpret any man:
But what's your business with me?

Mal. I'm coming to't;
I know you love my Colonel,
And out of that same knowledge I must tell
You what does now most narrowly concern him.
This fickle General loves *Charlotte* too:
But let not your rash youth attempt a thing,
In emulation of a friendship, not fitting for you,
Then you take a work out of my hands,
I have ambition too: I but crave your counsel.
S'death, a shall answer for't: Fool *Bellmont*,

[Softly.

And

And my dear Colonel, 'tis too much,
Nor shall that sawcy Fool, *Boutefeu*,
Dare more in this to do her right than I.
I think you love her, Brother, too so much,
You would not see another take his quarrel,
Would ye?

Beau. Pray go on, Sir.

Mal. Why look you, thus I have contriv'd,
Boutefeu shall brave *Clairmont* at very turn,
Who'll n're endure it.

Boutefeu is brave, you know, and th'other is
A powerful Enemy:

So these two fall by one another hands,
And you and I may laugh at either's folly.

Beau. The Fame these things may breed unto *Bellmont*
Will certainly be great; but how good—

Mal. Who's in fault?

Why deals she with so many?

Beau. Peace, Bandog, peace,
Or by Heaven I'll send thy Soul
To its own Mansion, Hell.

Mal. Why what's the matter, Sir?

Beau. I'll tell thee, *Malignii*, I ne're could love thee,
Nor do I think I ever shall do much;
Thy conversation is most irksome to me.

Mal. But you shall find how much unjust you are;
Here, kill me, why don't you thrust?
I'll die the Martyr unto Truth and Honour.

Beau. How's that thou Devil?

Mal. Since that my Friendship to your hopeful youth
Has draw me to this zealous folly,
I ought to suffer for't;

Hereafter you may live in ignorance:

And since you will not grant me for your Friend,

At least grant my intentions friendly were,

Or I dare draw my Sword to justify't.

Beau. If they unfriendly were to fair *Bellmont*,

They were unjust to all that is of honour.

Mal. Hold *Beaupres*, so may my Soul be blest

As I do honour her as much as you, and

And this not fear, but truth exacteth from me,

Beau. God b'you, Sir,

I am sorry thou could'st talk me to such passion.

Mal. So, this is so plain,

There needeth no Perspective-Glass, I think,

To let me see that he does love *Bellmont*,

And though he seems such Master of his Temper,

Yet if he be a man of flesh and blood,
 These things must buz in's head;
 And I'll take care *Brisac* shall understand
 A bussel which must needs defame his Sister;
 I care not if *Clairmont* or *Boutefeu*,
 Do perish in his wildness, he must follow.
 Like Ship-wrack'd men catch at the floating board
 Another's fasten'd on, and shove him off;
 So in the Tempest of despis'd love,
 We shove all Rivals to eternal loss.
 Then blame not perjury in such a case;
 We may do all to gain a Rival's place.

Enter Brisac, Belmont.

Bris. Do you not wonder I have stole you thus
 Unto a privacy, and disturb'd your rest?

Bell. If there lie ought within my service for you,
 Rest is unfit till I have done that duty.

Bris. Hey ho!

Bell. Why sigh you, Sir?

Bris. Ah, Sister! pity the passion of almighty Love!

Bell. What means my dearest Brother?

You do not speak to me, your thoughts are
 Some where else.

Bris. But I to you must utter all those thoughts,
 For you are only fit to ease them now;

Would you do much, *Belmont*, to ease your Brother?

Bell. All that a Brother ever could expect
 From one that does most dearly love him!

Bris. Sister, I am undone,
 My heart is conquer'd, and I know not well

What mercy to expect from her has won it.

Bell. But how can I express my service in't?

Bris. Oh much, fair Sister,
 Very much you may:

She'll hear you speak without an interruption,
 And much ought to be said

Where I do love so much.

Bell. I'll say all what you'll have me: but to whom?

Bris. And can you well describe my passion, Sister?

For I would have the Copy that you draw
 Come very near the sad original:

Paint forth each sigh and doubtful groan I give,

The wound that every look imprinteth here,

The mighty storm is rais'd by groundless hope,

And the sad ship-wrack that despair will bring;

The mighty mercy in a promis'd bliss

Will make me ever happy, love my sister,

Will make me ever happy, love my sister,

And all this joyn'd with your sweet Rhetorick,
(For Women will hear all that Women say)
Implore reward for one who, 'gainst his will,
Is now become a slave unto her beauty,
Which is, you know, unjust, and yet I crave it,
And without which I die, reward had been
More due, if I had will'd the thralldom not forseen.

Bellm. Yet, Sir, I'm ignorant
Before what Judge I am to plead your Cause.

Bris. And I had quite forgot to tell ye,
Or may be I am grown so covetous of her,
That I am loth to give her name to th'air.
But, Sister, can't you guess who tis I mean?
If that a born-blind man recover'd sight,
And heard me tell him that the glorious Sun
Was th' only object which should dazzle him
Above all other,

He'd wink, and point unto that glittering Star
And by approved reason say, 'Tis that:
Prethee, dear Sister, guess.

Bellm. Is it not my new acquaintance, the fair *Charlotte*?

Bris. Oh 'tis! the fairest that I ever saw.

Bellm. Brother, rely on me,
If I do fail to do you service,
It shall be want of power, not of will.

Bris. Thou best of Sisters I ever call me slave.
To all thy Virtues, if thou dost but this.

Bellm. Sir, I dare promise nought, I'll do my best. [Exit.]

Bris. So does the Merchant that in one rich freight
Ventures his whole Estate, expect return,
Sails in his mind o're Waves as troublesome
As his fair Ship doth in the greatest storm,
Which if it scape, returning richly home,
He fearless is of storms in time to come.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Boutefeu, Malignii

Bout. 'S Death, I care not, I,
For him nor all his anger,
Let him be pleas'd again
If that he be displeas'd without a cause.

Mal. He says ye are a Horse
A thing unfit for humanc conversation,

And of so lewd a Tongue,

No Woman you once spoke to e're could scape ye.

Bout. But I dare venture, Sir, a thousand Crowns;

You'll hardly get him for to tell me this.

Mal. Not but he's stout enough, but it would displeas

The Colonel (to quarrel here) and that he will not do;

He said he'd give the World for an occasion.

Bout. And that he shall not want:

Prethee, dear Major, tell him I'd see him with

His Sword in's hand.

Mal. Fie, *Boutefeu*, are you mad?

Will you thus lay your self open to your Enemies?

He is the Colonel's nearest Friend;

And if I be engag'd, whom will you have

To work your business for you?

Besides, you'll find his coldness straight,

And you may then occasion find enough

To make him angry; 'twill be much better

It should come from him.

Bout. But how? which way?

For I do long to chide his Boyish censure.

Mal. *Clairmont* to night does give the Ball;

The Banquet he has sent to fair *Charlotte*;

You'll find him leading of *Bellmont*,

And there you may put some slight upon him,

As taking her to dance out of his hand,

Or twenty other things, done, as 'twere, by chance,

Which he will never suffer.

Bout. Not suffer! 'Sdeath a shall,

And thank the doer too, that he may live.

God b'you mark but the end of this.

Mal. Yes, I will mark it, Sir, most heedfully.

What a hot-brain'd Fool is this?

He faster runs to ruine than I'd have him;

For if he kills *Beaupres*, his ruine's sure;

If not, *Beaupres*, most certainly kills him;

And then I think he'll hardly stay in Town.

Oh my dear brain, work, work more mischief yet;

I have it—

I must needs render him suspicious to

Brisac; but here is some more caution needful,

Rashly to run between two such sworn Friends

Is Dangerous, nor is *Brisac* so fottish,

To judge without some proof of a meant injury:

Nor must a find me tripping, if he do,

'Tis I must welcome then a double Foe.

But e're my hopes to sad despair be hurl'd,

I'll open War declare 'gainst all the World.

Enter Bellmont, Charlotte, as in a Garden.

Bellm. But let me beg to know your nearest thoughts,

For friendship in all men grows up by trade,

And sure 'mongst Women it is much the same.

Charl. Begin to show example in this kind,

For I do know your thoughts so noble are,

That they are fit to take example by,

And I would be a Learner.

Bellm. Of me? Fie, Sister, now you do abuse your Friend.

Charl. Indeed I never meant it:

What shall we talk of? for I do believe

That all the World to us is so indifferent,

We shall like no discourse but of our selves.

Bell. I fear so too:

But I have a Brother that I must love,

For he deserves it from me.

Charl. Heigh: I have a Father too, but these are Kindred.

Bellm. 'Tis true: but come, I'll trust ye with a Story.

Charl. You will oblige me;

Besides, I'll promise secrecy.

And if in ought I ever can but serve you,

I shall esteem my self most happy.

Bell. That you shall judge when you have heard me out.

There is a man that's near related to me,

That loves the fairest Virgin in the World,

His love began with the first sight of her,

But has been seldom blest with that fair sight,

And knowing too that he can ne're deserve her,

Loves much, hopes little, and dare never own't.

Charl. Alas! I pity him.

Bell. I wish you did.

Charl. Why can you think that any thing near you

Shall ever want my wishes for his good?

But pray ye on; Why can he ne're deserve her?

Bell. Not but their Quality are very equal,

But she is fair and good above the common.

Charl. Is he not virtuous too?

Bell. He is believ'd of all to be so:

Nor would I pity him, if I did doubt it,

But there be great opposers to his good.

Charl. A brave good man needs never fear a Rival.

Bell. His modesty (a sign where virtue dwells)

Perfwades him still he is not good enough

To be belov'd by the fair Charlotte.

Charl. How, prethee, dear Sister, leave me.

How seriously she kept her countenance?

None

None to abuse but your poor Servant thus?

Bell. Trust me, I do not jest, *Charlotte*;

And did you know but half so much as I,

You would afford much pity, if not love.

Charl. Who e're it be, h'as found a cunning Orator

And one 'bove all the world that has most power with me;

But give me leave to speak as freely to you

And censure not my freedom as a gift,

For I have such a great opinion of ye,

That I durst tell you all my Souls affections;

I do love, nay, love extremely,

And one that is nearly related to you;

One too, that never yet did speak of Love,

Nor do I think he can mean any to me;

If it prove he, I shall most gladly hear you;

If not, then dear *Bellmont*, I'll beg

You ne're will speak, to move my just refusal,

For I can never love another Man.

Bell. 'Tis poor *Brisac*, may he e're hope for mercy?

Char. Pray hear me, for I do resolve

To be most free and open with ye;

You are o'th' Sex, and equally concern'd

To keep all things with in the sacred Rule

Of friendship, and of Maiden-modesty.

You know it were unfit that men should know

When we are easily conquer'd.

Bell. Leave that to my discretion,

But tell me first, is it *Brisac*?

Char. It is, O'tis!

But may I take your word, that he loves me?

Bell. You may; nay, do not hide your Face,

D'ye think I'll vent the freeness of your talk?

You shall see how discreetly I'll manage him;

For though he be my Brother,

Yet you're a Woman, and my dearest Friend.

Char. Use me with care, as e're you hope for good,

And construe not too hard my confess'd weakness;

Remember 'twas your Brother conquer'd me.

Bell. Your freeness speaks how innocent you are,

Far more than all tricks of a forc'd dissembling.

Char. I hope you will believe so, pray, Sister, do.

Bell. Come, come, indeed I will.

Char. Lord how shall I look? would I had not told you,

Bell. Nay, why so? you are unkind in this,

He shall not know how much you have confess'd,

And yet I'll give him hopes enough to court ye.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Maligni, Luyson.

Mal. That's my good Wench.
Thou know'st I ever lov'd thee.

Lu. What would you have me tell you, Sir?
I cannot, nor I will not feign a lye.

Mal. But 'tis impossible thou should'st see nothing.
How wert thou wont to find them?

Lu. What ends have you in this?
I thought when you came so privately,
It was to use some of your former sleights
For the undoing of a harmless Maid.

O you're a fine Gentleman, and kept your word well with me.

Mal. Trust me, I love thee dearly, Wench,
And that e're long thou'lt find too;
But things are not yet as they should be.

Lu. What things? what should be?
O the dissembling of you Men!
When ye have once had your ends,
Ye care not a pin for us Women.

Mal. Fie, *Luyson*, do not think so.
But prethee tell me, Wench,
Did they never send thee away on sleeveless errands?
Lu. Not that I remember, but I have often left them
Alone together.

Mal. That's my good-Girl:
And did'st thou never find Letters?

Lu. Not I indeed, Sir, why d'ye ask?

Mal. I have a reason for it,
Which much concerns thy good;
If thou canst possibly, prethee get thy Lady
To walk here when 'tis late to night,
When that the Ball is done, for coolness.

Lu. I'll do any thing you'll have me,
But pray be not you the cause that I be chid,
And remember what you so long have promis'd.

Mal. I will indeed, *Luyson*, this kiss, and farewell. [Exit *Luyson*, *Maligni*.]

Enter *Brifac*, *Maligni*.

Brif. I am glad I have met with you, for I was alone;
Have you seen *Beaupres* lately?

Malig. No, Sir: but I was seeking you.

Brif. Me, Major? What's thy business, honest *Maligni*?

Malig. My duty first of waiting on you, then a mind to
To talk in private wi' ye 'bout a business.

Brif. Though I am much unfit for business now.

Yet thee I'll hear at any time.

Malig. Pray, Sir, d'ye think I love you?

Brif. Why dost thou question it?

Indeed I do.

Calig. And do n't you know't hath been my chiefest care
To mind what does concern you and your good?

Bris. I ever had but just opinion of you.

Malig. Certainly then a looker on may see
More at all games, than those that are in play.

Brif. When they do understand the game, they may

Malig. Right.

Then freely let me tell you, Sir, you're wrong'd

Brif. Wrong'd? by whom?

'Tis base to do it so, that I should miss the knowledge.

Malig. Those that dare do injuries to friends,
Dare ne're suspect that they should understand it.

Beaupres's your Friend, he might have told you on't.

Bris. By Heav'n I know he would, as soon as you.
Did he but once suspect it.

Malig. Why, Sir, this heat to me?

have never deserv'd it from you.

Bris. Pardon me, *Malignii*.

But when you name my Friend,
And tax him with a want of care to me,
It troubles me.

Pray to the business : for I know he knows it not

Malig. Better than any man.

Brif. Come, you are mistaken——

I know him better—

If you once suspect his friendship to me.

I justly may suspect all what you say.

Malig. I ha' done, Sir.

Brif. How done? will you not tell me then
Where I am wrong'd?

Malig. You will not hear me, Sir.

Bris. Faith but I will : methinks it does concern me.

Malig. Know ye of no addresses made to your Sister?

Brif. Not I.

Malig. Then they are conceal'd, it seems.
Malig. It seems so; but if they honourable be.

Why should I be concern'd?

Malig. 'Twere fit you knew it though.

Women are things that may be overcome.

And need sometime a Brother's Counsel.

Brif. Why then you do suspect my Sisters Virtue?

Malig. Not I. By all that's good!

And yet I would not have her wrong'd

Brif. Nor shall she be by the best he that breaths.

Malig. Promise me then you will with strictest Eye

Observe all things that may concern her.

You?

You'll find who then is most your Friend,
And who's the Franker dealer with you, I,
Or those that heedfully do blind your Eyes?
More at this time you shall not get from me:
But when your knowledge beginneth to be toucht,
You'll hearken to me better, and take counsel.

Brif. I'll do so now;

Good Major, tell me what thou knowest.

Malig. By Heav'n not I:

And yet you sh^a not scape the knowledge.

Brif. But 'twill be kindlier done, if't comes from thee.

Malig. Not I; why should I venture for the name

Of making enmity betwixt two men?

Ye are too great for me to come between,

And joining once again I'm cruist to nothing.

Brif. Shall I receive no more injury mean time

For want of this same knowledge?

Mal. No, I'll take care for that.

Farewel; yet Colonel look about ye,

I say no more: when ye get a glimpse

Come to me, I'll help your Sight somewhat further.

Brif. What Devil is't he aims at?

This Fellow is so jealous in his nature,

All that he looks on is so magnifi'd,

That what t'others seems a Mote, to him

Appears a Mountain;

Beaupres else, as well as he, could spy it.

You are too great for me to come between;

Sure then 'tis no mean man does court my Sister.

Ha! *Clairmont* the General has often been

Affiduous in his visits to her; and now courts

The fair *Charlotte*; Curse of all Fools, 'tis he;

I, I, 'twas he that *Maligni* did mean,

He courts my Mist'ris too, why here's occasion?

I'm glad of that yet; for I ne'er shall brook a Rival.

Yet fure he durst not wrong my Sister,

For Frenchmen freely visit whom they like

For wit or entertainment, without a Scandal.

Here she is, I'll know the worst on't.

[Exit Malig.]

Enter Bellmont.

Bellm. Brother, you're well met.

I ha' news for you.

Brif. And Sister, I have some for you.

Bellm. For me, dear Brother? what is't?

Brif. Nay, let me hear your's first,

Mine may be told at leisure.

F

Bellm.

Bellm. You know what you injoin'd me to, I have been no ill Orator.

Brif. How, dear *Bellmont*? Does she know how I have been no ill Orator?

Bellm. Not much; I have appeas'd all your anger. You have free leave to visit, and to talk to me as you please. But use this Liberty with much Discretion, I am engag'd for't.

Brif. With the same Reverence I would call upon a Patron Saint, I still shall crave Her Goodness to me. D'you think she ever will love me? May be her Friendship unto you Has gain'd this Bounty for me.

Bellm. There is some liking too of you. You else had gone without it. But you have got a powerful Rival, Not with her; but one who gaineth once the Father's Mind. Boldly attacks the Daughter without Controul. Therefore be you discreet.

Brif. In that I will be govern'd still by you. But pray you tell me, Sister, is't not *Clammont* That you do mean?

Bellm. Yes, Sir.

Brif. I have heard that he did once pretend to you.

Bellm. A Gallantry, nothing else, Sir.

Brif. But, Sister, make not so slight on't. For 'tis much taken notice of.

And I dare force him still to do you Reason.

Bellm. Me? Alas, I can claim none of him.

Nor would I, if I could.

Brif. The Man's not so inconsiderable, Sister.

Bellm. O Brother! let me beg you'll take

Some other way to rid you of a Rival,

Make not me suffer all the Effects of Hate

For your great Love.

There's nothing I would wave to do you service,

But this I beg, you ne'er will mention more.

Brif. So much Aversion must needs spring from Wrong.

I will ne'er force thee, Sister. Come, let's in—

Enter Host, and his Wife.

Host. Nay, prithee weep not, Chuck: I'll warrant thee

There's no body will take the House off their hands,

Nor we have left it.

Wife. But what an inhumane Dog to turn us out

Just when these Blades were come to Town?

O the tearing Customers we should have had!

Host. No Matter, no matter, God's precious,
They cannot hinder me my standing on the King's Ground,
And we will vent our Merchandise here,
In spite of their Noses; set down the Table, Chuck,
There, there, so, lay the Stools under it,
Pox let's be merry for all this, Chuck,
Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat.
Wife. Truly, Husband, I believe that's the reason
Ours dy'd this Morning.
Host. Away, Woman, away

SINGS:

*When as King Peppin rul'd in France,
A King of wondrous might,
He that could the Coranto dance,
Was straightway made a Knight.*

If any pass this way, I'm sure they'll stop,
For here's man's meat, and woman's meat;
Thou for the Men, and I for the Women,
At the Sign of St. Anthony's Pig.

Wife. But why have you chang'd the Sign we had before?
St. Lewis is as much respected in this Country.

Host. I, but you know the Prodigal Child thrust out of
Doors, kept company with Pigs (good Wife) and Sows.

Wife. 'Tis true, and with Hogs (good Husband) and Hogs.

Host. Away thou Cockatrice; Peace, here's Company.

Enter Colignii, D'Elpeche, Mariane, Lamartichy, Francisbella.

SINGS:

*Please you, Monseurs, entertain
The Damoisels ye bring,
Here's Cheer, there ne're was such in Spain,
And Wine would fox a King.*

Here's Capons that from Bruges came

In post for expedition;

And Peas so white, that none in Gant

Can come in competition.

Here's Sallet my sick savour has

As my sick as the colour;

A Lover being put to pain,

Pickt it against Love's colour.

*Here's vin de Bon, vin de Champaign,
And vin de Celestine,
And here is that they call Bourne,
Which to Loves Sports incline.*

Sa, Sa, Monsieurs, what have you a mind to?

Colig. Odd's my Life, Gentlemen, here is the bravest

Fellow I ever read of in all my Travels;

Pray Friend, what show do you represent?

Hof. Show, Sir?

Col. I, show, Sir, does that offend you? Uds fish,

I care not a fart an' you be offended at show, Sir.

What do you wear that in your Hat for, Sir,

If it be not for a show, Sir, ha?

Hof. Why, for a Sign, Sir.

Col. For a Sign? Why are you the Post?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, a very good jest;

Did not I put a very good jest upon him, Gentlemen?

Hof. Yes you did, a very good jest, ha, ha, ha, 'twas a very good
jest i' Faith, Gentlemen.

Colig. Why so it was, Sir, for all your sneering.

Hof. Why, so I thought, Sir, 'tis very strange you will be so
Angry without cause.

Franc. So, so, Gentlemen, my Brother's taken up.

D'Elp. I, I, let him alone, let's mark 'em.

Colig. Why, Sir, without a cause? I was angry at something,
I was angry at a Post, and there you have it again,

Ha, ha, ha, ha,

Hof. I'm glad you are pleas'd again;

For I find your Wits riding Post, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Colig. A Pig, a Pig, ha, ha, ha.

Hof. 'Tis the sign of the Pig, and I'm the Master of the
Cabaret, which shall give you most excellent content.

Colig. Say'st thou so honest Fellow?

Faith thou art a very merry honest Fellow;

Sisters, I'll treat you and these Gentlemen,

At this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honest Friend

Where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Hof. Why here, Sir, sit down at this Table,

And call for what you will.

D'Elp. How's this, how's this? 'Sdeath are you one of *Organda's*
Squires? Pray, Friend, when shall the Mear,
And Wine come?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broom-stick.

Hof. Pray, Gentlemen, hinder me not the Custom of the young Gallant;
Entreat but these Ladies to sit down, and break my head if you be not
Well treated, I'll desire no favour.

Colig.

Colig. Nor no mony neither, I hope, Sir.

Host. Truly I won't; if you be not pleas'd above expectation,
Ne'r trust one again of my profession.

D'Elp. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curiosity;
Come we will sit down.

Maria. What you please, Sir.

Colig. That's my good Sister; Come, come,
La Couvert La Couvert.

Lam. This begins to look like something, he's bravely stuf
I'll warrant you, he is so well hung.

Colig. Now, Sir, a cold brest of your delicate white Veal.

Host. Here you have it, Sir,

Colig. Nay, nay, and a fallet good Sir, a fallet.

Host. Well, Sir, I must untruss a poynt.

Colig. How, Sir, to give us a fallet? why have you been at gras?

D'Elp. Why d'ye want a boil'd fallet, Monsieur?

Lamar. Before St. Lewis, an excellent Trimming,
I'll ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with,
Trim'd all with Sausages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on i' faith, Sir.

Come Friend, a dish of Sausages, a dish of Sausages.

Host. Why look you, Sir, this Gentleman only mistook
The placing, these do better in a Belt.

Franc. A strange Fellow this.

D'Elp. I, is it not? come, Sir, Wine we see you have:
Prethee let's taste the best.

Host. That you shall, Sir;
If you'll hear Musick, and a Song with'r,
I'm ready: you shall want nothing here.

SINGS.

*Te may Tiddle, and Tiddle, and Tiddle, all out,
Till ye baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.*

D'Elp. Away with your drunken Song, have you nothing
Fitter to please the Ladies?

Host. Yes, Sir.

D'Elp. Come away with it then.

Host Sings.

Colig. Most excellent i' faith! Here's to thee honest Fellow
With all my heart, nay stay a little, this is very good Wine;
Here's to thee again—heark you honest Fellow,
Let me speak with you aside.

D'ye count here by pieces, or d'ye treat by the head?

Host. I'll treat by the head, Sir, if you please;
A Crown a head, and you shall have excellent cheer,
Wine as much as you can drink.

Colig. That's honestly said; you know my Father, Friend.

'Tis Monsieur Cortaux.

Host. Yes, Sir, the famous Scrivener here of Town.

Colig. Well, treat us very well, I'll see thee paid.

Host. Nay, Sir, I'll see my self paid; I'll warrant you,
Before you and I part.

Colig. I do mean to do, honest Friend, but prethee
Speak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then

You quite disgrace, Sir, your most humble Servant.

Host. Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of Brages,
You last spoke of?

Host. Here at hand, Sir; Wife undo my Helmer.

This, Sir, is my Crest.

D'Elp. A very improper one for a marri'd Man.

Colig. Yes Faith and troth, he should have had horns, ha, ha, ha.
Here's to ye, noble Captain, a very good Jest

As I am a Gentleman.

D'Elp. I thank you, Sir!

Colig. Methinks you are melancholy, Sir!

Lamar. Not I, Sir, I can assure you: Ladies, how
Like ye the sport? an odd Collation, but well contriv'd.

Fran. The contrivance is all in all.

Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look, Sister,

Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,

Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one!

D'Elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it,

How shall we lead your Sisters home?

Colig. No matter, hem: here 'tis, Gentlemen, *super Naculum*,
Come, come, a Tansey, Sirrah, quickly.

D'Elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Host?

Host. That's as time shall try, look ye here, Sir.

The lining of my Cap is good for something.

Lamar. Faith this was unlook'd for.

D'Elp. 'Shif I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on?

Host. No truly, Sir: 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,
But if ye call'd for a Dish of Petticoes, 'twere
But plucking off my Wife's Buskins.

Fran. We'll rather believe than try.

Colig. 'Sfoot, I'll puzzle him now: a Chamber-Pot,
Quickly, Sirrah, O' O' O', quickly.

Host. Here, Sir, you see it serves for a good Cap with

Feathers

Feathers in't. This won't do, do ye'r worst:

Gallant, I'll fit ye; call for what ye please.

Colig. Nay I've no need on't, Faith thou art a brave

Fellow: Here's mine Hosts health, Gentlemen.

D'Elp. Could you procure these Ladies a Dish of Cream,

Sir, this will shew your Master-piece!

Host. 'Tis the only Weapon I fight at; look ye

Gentlemen, the Thunder has melted my Sword in the Scabbard,

But 'tis good, taste it.

D'Elp. Th'ast my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,

Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any

Power at Court.

Lam. This is excellent, Monsieur Colignii,

I'll pledge you his health now.

Colig. Why, Sir, would you not have it otherwise?

Lam. What if I would not, Sir?

Colig. Then I would have made you, Sir,

Lam. Nay, now th'art down, prethee sleep,

Or rise and take thy Hosts Wife to dance.

Colig. So I can, Sir, for all you!

Fran. Lord! how soon he got drunk!

Host. Why I told him he might drink as much as he would,

And ye see he has claw'd it.

D'Elp. Prethee, honest Friend, play us a Dance,

Come Faith, Ladies, let's be merry.

Mari. As Crickets, Come, Sister!

Lam. Some say the World is full of holes!

Play that Friend.

Fran. I, do, do (though the Tune and Song be very witty

And old) the Dance is very pretty and new.

The Dance.

Fran. Truly I'm very weary.

Lam. We'll sit and repose.

Mari. O Lord, Sister, you know the Ball is to night;

We must go home first, to adjust our selves.

D'Elp. We'll wait on you, Madam. Fellow!

Host. I dare not, Sir, this Gentleman has commanded the contrary.

D'Elp. Well, come then, Ladies, Friend, have you a care of him!

Host. I shall, Sir,

A most special care, I'll warrant ye.

I'll first get him out of the way, to sleep himself sober.

Colig. What would you have, Friend?

Prethee reach a Pillow.

Host. Troth you have pos'd me now, Sir;

But

But if you'll rise, here 'tis; carry it your self,
Come, we'll go sleep in the shade,
Wife take up the Table and stools,
Come, I'll help you.

Colig. Come, come a long Boys,
Valiant and strong Boys——hoop, Hey Boys. [Ex.]

Enter Beaupres, Bellmont.

Bell. My Brother, Sir, is infinitely kind,
For I have done him service.

Beau. And be you infinitely careful too, *Bellmont*,
For there be Tongues; most wicked Tongues.

Bell. None that dare ever wrong my dear *Beaupres*,
And for my self,
I ne'er shall shame the owning of my Love.

Beau. I fear you do not understand me right,
And yet I am glad you do not too,
For Innocence, in what I mean, looks lovely,
And Ignorance here, more beauteous is than knowledge.

Bell. I am so far from knowing what you mean,
That I can't guess it, Sir;
For Heav'n's sake tell me, what is't,
Have I offended? I will beg a Pardon,
Not for my will, but my unwilling fault.

Beau. I hope you need none:
But dear *Bellmont* be careful,
Remember who and whose you are;
Plague o' this Dog, how does he make me talk!
Nay, be not Melancholy;
'Twas not of you I spoke,
But something I have heard to day,
And of a Virgin too, so Innocent,
That after it I ne'er shall think one free
From slanderous Tongues.

Bell. Yet I may hope to be the only free;
Since I will ne'er the least occasion give;
If it appear to all the World a Malice,
'Twill be a foil to set my Virtues off,
Or rather yours; For all I have of good is so;
And may the Heavens still make me fitter for you,
Or take my Life, ere I unfitting grow
To cope with that fair worth and honour in you.

Beau. O thou best of Women!
Make me not blush too much, because
You did not understand my secret meaning
My thoughts were hurri'd and I angry grew

To think on Mens blaspheming Tongues
Against so fair an innocence !

Bell. Who is it, dear *Beaupres*, that is so wrong'd ?
I will grow angry too ; for we're concern'd
In all that's good and virtuous, to defend 'em ;
It were as great a Sin
To leave a Cause, the gods should undertake :
Nay, they at last will bless it, and us too
For siding with it.

Beaup. It shall be still my Pray'r :
But, dear *Bellmont*, after the Ball is done,
I'll slip into the Garden, pray come to me :
From whence we may contrive,
How I may get into your Chamber.
You will not scrupulous grow, to meet me now
At these late hours of night ?

Bell. Indeed I ought to be most scrupulous ;
Should any see't, the censure they would give
(Not knowing what has past) my Fame undone,
And what we after say, not be believ'd.

Beaup. I can't blame your care :
But here it grows too nice,
Will you not trust me with your actions now ?
I to my self will answer all that happens.

Bell. You may command me any thing,
I'll do my duty, and not fail to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clairmont and Charlotte.

Clair. But, Madam, may I never hope,
By my assiduous and most humble service
To gain an interest in your inclination ?
Tell me but what you'll have me be ?

Charl. Your self, my Lord !
And think me as I am,
Too much below your least consideration.

Clair. 'Twere blasphemy in any Man to say so,
And much unkind in you it is :
But like to Notes, when as they nearest are,
And not the same,
They sound so differently, that one would think
Those farthest, which with one small turn,
Agree in all, and frame one harmony.

• Fairest *Charlotte*, can nothing, nothing move ye ?

Charl. Yes, my Lord !
You do, to tell you freely all my thoughts :
For I do honour much your worthy Person ;
But when ye talk of Love,

It is by me so little understood,
That all the explanation you e'er give
Will never make me knowing in the Language.

Clair. Will you then give me leave
To try your Father, he can better speak,
And having spoken, be better understood,
By one who is his Daughter, and obedient;
I can't dislike this Maiden backwardness,
Loth to bestow your self, without his knowledge.

Charl. That I esteem you honourable,
My Lord, you now shall see; since I dare beg
A Boon; and a strong Boon it is to beg:
You being young (and as you say) most loving,
Call then those virtues to your aid
That you are Master of,
And I conjure you by them all,
That you ne'er press my Father in this business;
You may command a thousand hearts,
Do not then plunder mine,
Or make use of Authority to force it;
'Twill not be worth your owning, if ye do,
For 'twill be broke, most miserably broke.

Clair. Then 'tis aversion, not a Maidens blush,
That makes you thus deny me!

Charl. Indeed you are to blame to call it so,
I know you would not have me lie
And pay your real with one that's feign'd;
My Friendship and my best respects
You ever shall command.

Clair. It was unjust to cause me to love so much
When I want wherewithal to make you kind!
But promise to be just in this,
Endeavour but as much as e'er you can,
(Since you will have it so)
To love you less.

Thus you going forward, and I going back,
Perchance at last we may much nearer grow;
For did I let mine be as now it is,
The Flame of all the World could ne'er arrive
To such a Height,
And I the lighted Beacon
A Torrent unto ruine, blaze alone.

Char. 'Tis I, my Lord, that must complain of Fate,
That see such Virtues in a mind;
So rich a present as a heart like yours,
And have not one, wherewith to pay the bearer.

Clair. And must I suffer all this Torment too,

That

That you would grateful be, yet say you can't?
O ye Gods, forbid *Charlotte* to frown upon my action,
And I will send ten Thousand Rivals to ye,
Were they made up in one;
For they must sure be blessed that can gain
Th' affections of so fair a Virgin here!

Char. The Gods are juster, Sir, than to permit,
You should do harm to what did never wrong ye,
He ne'er laid claim to what you could call yours.

Clair. But he has rob'd me of my Souls delight,
Such Treasure as the World compar'd to it,
Would fall so short of all comparison,
As none but Fools would ever offer at it;
And yet I cannot blame him,
To make so fair a prize of this.
Who would not Pyrate turn, 'gainst Man and Heaven?

Char. O fy! My Lord!
Spare Heaven, who can revenge its wrongs.

Clair. Th'ave tan'e you from me, Punishment too great
For all I hope I ever shall commit.
But, Madam, sha'nt I know
The happy object of your Care?

Char. When I do find you better temper'd
I'll tell you, and I hope you'll love him too.

Clair. I'll study still to please you if I can.

Charl. My Lord! here comes Company.

Enter D'Elpeche, leading Mariane, Lamarch, Francibel, to them Bontefeu.

Mari. I fear we are too late,
'Twill be uncivil if they have begun.

D'Elp. No, no, I'll warrant you.
Bontefeu, how dost Man?

Thou hast lost the best Comedy.

Bout. I care not, I.

Lamar. Here, Sir, handy dandy, which hand will you have?
For I see your Worship's in a scurvy humour.
Why what a Devil ail'st thou Man?

Bout. Prethee, *Lamarch*, let me alone,
I am serious at present.

Fran. I fear the humour is not Al-a-mode at Balls, Sir.

Bout. No more is the drefs of your head, Madam.

Lamar. Prethee be not so Clownish,
Thou wert such a pretty Fellow, hadst but a little breeding.

Bout. Rest ye merry, Sir, I have other fish to fry.

D'Elp. What the Devil ails he?

Mari. Troubl'd with the Botts, I'll warrant ye.

Lamar. The Worm bites; come Ladies, here's the House.

Franç. Nay, Sir, we might hear this House by the Musick.

TOWN.

[Exit.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The new Scene of the HALL.

Enter Clairmont, Charlotte, Beaupres, Bellmont, Brisac, D'Orville, D'Elpeche, Mariane, Lamarch, Francibel, Boutefeu, Attendants.

D'Orv. **G**Allants and Ladies take your Seats.
Begin, Musick.

[Begin the Brawls a little.

Clair. Madam, methinks this is too grave,
We are amongst our selves,
And are not ty'd to this same Ceremony.

Char. I am glad you are of that Opinion, Sir.
I much more like some lighter Dances.

Bris. I, I, *Beaupres* can lead you many.

Clair. But why will not you dance, Colonel?

Bris. Truly I seldom do, pray excuse me, Sir,
I'll sit and entertain the Governour.

Char. What you please,
Come, Monsieur *Beaupres*, please you begin.

Beau. Most willingly, Sir.

The Dance.

D'Orv. Most excellent, I'Faith; come, come, give not over so;
Some single Dance, any thing to be doing.

Char. Nay, Sir, pray let them begin, for I am out of wind.

Clair. Madam, you here are Mistress!

Bout. Come, Madam! I think you are
Weary, Sir.

[Boutefeu takes Bellm. out of Beau. hand.

Beau. Uncivil Villain, take that. *[Strikes him, and leaps to his sword, and draws.*

Bout. 'Sdeath, unhand me, Gentlemen, O the Dog—

Bris. Away Churl! such Insolence before my Face!

D'Orv. Fie Gentlemen! thus to disturb our mirth!

Colig. Fie, Gentlemen, fie! O, if you had seen
That tall Fellow how he thwacks Fiddlers, you would
Fie with Expedition; Have ye a mind to have your Fiddles
Broke about your Pates?

Fidler. Not we! we thank ye.

Colig. Hang lag, hang lag.

[Exeunt Colignii and Fiddlers.

Clair. Colonel, secure your Friend:
Come, Sir, do you not stir from me,
Have I your Parol you will not?

Bout. 'Tis hard! but since I shall be worse confin'd;
Yes, Sir, I give it you.

Clair. Come! let's in, the Ladies are all fled in fear!

D'Orv. Nay, Sir, here's one still.

Bris.

Brif. Sister, what made you stay ? You might
Have gain'd some Mischief.

Bell. I was afraid to see 'mongst their Swords,
But durst not leave you ;
I hope you are not hurt, Sir ?

Beaup. With nothing but his most uncivil Usage.

[*To Beaup.*
[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malignii, as in the Garden.

Mal. So, so ; this does begin to work :
And I have watch'd the Issue with such heed,
As wealthy Fathers that expect an Heir
From their lov'd Wives, to own their fair Possession.
I'm sorry they were hindred from the Mischief
That this might have produc'd.
But time will ripen all, and quickly too ;
For *Boutefeu* will ne'er sleep unreveng'd,
And t'other hates him too beyond the common.
So that they'll find out ways to act my Wishes :
Now, Love, if ever thou didst Rhetorick teach,
Learn me a Language of that moving Force,
That I may touch the fairest *Bellmont's* Heart :
I wonder she appears not, for that Wench
I know will work her to this Evening-Walk.
Minutes do seem Giants as they run ;
But will seem skipping Dwarfs when she is come.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bellmont, Luyson.

Bellm. Why dost thou shake so, Wench ?
Thanks be to Heaven, there's no Hurt done.

Luy. I but, Madam, I was so 'frighted,
I cannot hold one joint still.

Pray, Madam, give me leave to go to my Chamber.

Bell. I, prithee do ; I dare be here alone :
I know, if he can get from my Brother, he will come !

[*Exit.*

Enter Malignii to her.

Malig. O, there she is.

Bell. Who's there ? Speak !

Malig. The humblest of your Servants, Madam !

Bell. *Malignii*, what makes you here so late ?
Is my Brother in the Garden ?

Malig. Not that I know of, Madam ;
But I came to talk with you.

Bellm. With me ! 'bout what ?
I'll but call my Woman : *Luyson* !

Mal. You need not, Madam, straight I'll do't for you.

Bell. Pray, good Major, what's your bus'ness with me ?

Mal. Cannot you guess ? Or have you quite forgot
The humble Offers I have long since made you,
Of the most pure and faithfullest Affection,

That

That Man e'er bore to Woman?

The suit is still the same, and I am still

The miserable same Petitioner.

'Tis bootless now, I think, for to repeat
Things I have sworn so often to your Ears

(For there they stopt) and never could get further:

I need not swear how much I am in love,
Since all that see you die of the same passion.

Nor need I tell how faithful I will prove,

Since those fair Charms where my Soul is fetter'd,

Can ne'er be broke by any Rebel heart.

What should I tell you then? nothing,

'Tis not my *Que* to tell you what I am:

But humbly here to beg what you should be,

If not for mine, at least for pity's sake:

Sure mercy dwells in you: for 'tis in Heaven.

Bell. How often have I told you, *Maligni*,

That it was much unfit for me to hear

Discourses of this nature?

Why d'ye trouble me and your self too?

A reasonable Man would have been answer'd.

Malign. But reason never yet with love did cope.

Bell. Because you want it, d'ye think that I

Must bar my self the use on't?

'Tis late, and I blame-worthy, here to hold discourse

With men alone; good night, Major.

Malign. Stay, Madam, for I've much to say.

Bell. To morrow will be fitter for to hear it.

Malign. No time so fit as now:

Nay, Madam, you must not go as yet!

[Holds her.

Bell. What rudeness d'ye practise?

Do you know who I am, and where?

Malign. Yes, Madam, very well:

But I am now resolv'd I will be answer'd

In some things, then trouble you no more.

Bell. What means he? Heaven!

[Aside.

What is it, Sir, you would be answer'd in?

Malign. Is it impossible you e'er can love me,

If I should work my honour and my name

To such a pitch, as they might make you greater,

Give me at least that hope;

For Lovers think that all is possible,

Pray answer, Could you love me then?

Bell. Yes, very much:

For I extremely love a growing Virtue

That shoots men up to honour and renown,

But yet my love will never tend that way,

That.

That leads to the uniting you and I.

Malig. Why, is my person then so odious?

Bell. I ne'er examin'd that;
But may be 'tis impossible.

There be some other reasons.

Malig. And is this all the hope you'll ever give me?

Bell. All that you ever must expect from me.

Malig. Then Love direct me:

For I will not die for want of what I now can take.

Bell. Help, help — Murder.

[Takes hold of her.

Malig. Nay, you'r out of hearing,

This way, or I'll drag ye.

Luyf. within. Madam, Madam, Madam!

Malig. Hell and the Furies stop thy throat:

The House will rise.

[Exit running.

Enter Luyson.

Bell. O Wench, I have been frighted out of my wits,
That Villain, that damn'd Villain.

Luyf. What Villain, Madam? who was here?

Bell. — *Malignii*, the Monster of all Villany,
He would have ravish'd me.

Luyf. The gods forbid:

When your Brother hears on't,
He'll surely kill him.

Bell. 'Tis true, therefore be sure you never speak on't more,
I too much mischief fear from what to night
Has happen'd: come away.
I ne'er again will walk so late alone.

[Exit.

Enter Malignii.

Malig. I'm glad of that yet.

[Having over-heard 'em.

For 'twas all my fear:

O this damn'd foolish Wench to cry so loud!

The House is up, I hear 'em.

[Draws his Sword.

Enter two or three Servants with Lights and Swords.

Malig. Stand! who goes there? what are ye?

Serv. O, Major, here was such a noise just now.

Malig. I heard it too: come let's seek about.

[Exit.

Enter Brisac half unready, Servant with a Light.

Bris. What is the matter?

Serv. I know not, Sir, I heard your Sisters Voice.

Enter Malignii.

Bris. What is the business, Major?

Saw you my Sister?

Malig. Not I, Sir, where is *Beaupres*?

Bris. I left him in my Chamber.

Malig. Are you sure on't?

Bris. I, I, why dost ask?

Malig.

Malig. Nay, for nothing; if you left him there.
You may to Bed again, I have been round the Garden.

Bris. I'll first to my Sister's Chamber.

[Exit.

Malig. And I'll not stay——

Her mind may alter,

To morrow I shall learn all from *Luyson*:

Plague, had he been parted from *Beaupres*,

I could at worst have put it all on him,

And swore her down, that I had parted them,

And she for a pretext had then cry'd out.

[Exit.

Enter Brisac, Beaup. Bellm. Luyson.

Bris. Nothing, Sister, why did you cry out?

Bell. Why, I was walking, Sir, to take the air,
And saw a Man, that somewhat frightened me.

Bris. You did ill to cause this stir for that.

Beau. Women are frightful, Sir, by night.

Bris. To Bed, dear Sister, all the House will rise! [Ex. Bell, Luyson.
Come Friend, to night you needs must lye with me.

Beau. I shall be too much troublesome, I fear.

Bris. I know your meaning,

Nay, I'll not hinder you;

But take my Counsel in the place and time.

What Devil made him offer it to you,

And to my Sister too?

Had you two ever any words before?

Beau. Not I the least,

Not can I guess the meaning.

Bris. He was put on, I lay my Life:
Methoughts *Clairmont* did take much care of him.

Beau. I did not mind any thing of that.

Bris. I know something more than you think,
Which I will have account for;
Besides he is my Rival.

Beau. You also know I love you, Sir.

Therefore be rul'd by one that is your Friend;

Seek not a quarrel on a groundless score:

'Twill be thought ill: however you do fare in't,

If he has wrong'd you ever, I'll not speak

One word to hinder what your honour calls for.

Bris. H'as affronted one that's very near me,
And I will reason have for what is done.

Beau. I had an Item given me too of that:

But those that did it were mistaken, Sir,
For to my knowledge, he could never wrong her.

Bris. H' durst not that——

Beau. I do believe so too——

Bris. How comes *Boutefeu* so sawcy grown

Before

The VILLAIN.

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Before him ? and me too ? There's something in't.

Beau. There is so——

But I would not willingly mistake.

Bris. Nor I ; The morning shall declare the doubt,
Or I wear that can find the riddle out.

Enter D'Elpeche, Lamarch.

D'Elp. I knew the Fool had something in his head,
H' was so fullen grown o' th' sudden.

Lamar. But why he pitch'd upon *Beaupres* ?

H'as seen him often on occasion too,
Where he hath behav'd himself with honour.

D'Elp. P'heu ! That's not it :

Though he be young, he's known a Man of worth.

Lamar. H' serv'd me almost the same trick.

D'Elp. But I think there's scarce that freedom
'Twixt t'other and him.

Lamar. 'Twas ill and foolish in him ——

[Enter Maligni.]

O Major, how is't w'ye ?

You have hardly been seen of late.

Malig. You're happy Men ! nothing to do,
Court Ladies, and be fine.

D'Elp. Indeed your business now is great,
In Winter Quarters there's much stirring always.

Malig. They are not yet well settl'd, Sir.

When they are, you shall see me

Frisk and dance, none so merry.

But what was the matter last night, Gentlemen ?

D'Elp. 'Tis true, you were not there !

Why, *Boutefeu* affronted the Colonel's Friend *Beaupres*,
And had a knock for't.

Malig. Is that all ? rest them merry blades,
Those that seek work will find some always ready.

D'Elp. But I am sorry 't lighted mongst our selves.

Malig. So am I too, but who can help it ?

I'll be hang'd if *Boutefeu* did not hate him

For wearing Starch in's Boot-hose Tops.

Lamar. Like enough :

The Gentleman is wondrous moody.

D'Elp. No, no, he would have forborn there,
There was something stuck closer than that.

Malig. If you knew him as well as I,
You would hardly attribute so much design to him.

Lamar. I dare say he never had any in's life !

Malig. Come, Gentlemen, 'tis early, where shall we walk ?

D'Elp. Any where: Let's ride about the Works.

Malig. 'Tis done ; The air will do us good,
Come, *Lamarch*, you had rather go visit

H

Your

Your Sutler's Wife I know. —

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clairmont, Boutefeu.

Clair. I cannot hinder any Gentleman,
But if I might persuade you, Sir,
You should not quit Employment for such Trifles.

Bout. 'Tis done! Nor will I serve
Under the Man that broods him so.

Clair. You know, Sir, *Beaupres* is a Man of Courage,
He needs not that: besides I'll tell you freely,
The Injury was great that you did offer.

Bout. I had some Reason for't, my Lord;
You may believe I am not else so brutal.

Clair. Good Captain, tell it me —

Enter Brisac, *Beaupres*.

Bris. Good morning to your Lordship.

Clair. Good morrow, Colonel.

Bout. Did you receive the Paper that I sent you?

Bris. I did, Sir, and you are most free.

Bout. I thank you, Sir; my Lord, I kiss your hand.

Clair. Stay; nay, I can here confine you for some time;
Though of Command you have discharg'd your self.

Bout. If it be n't long I shall be most obedient.

Beaup. You need not take such care, *Boutefeu*:
I shall find time to answer you.

[Aside.]

Bout. I take your Word.

Clair. Monsieur *Brisac*, I would fain speak with you.

Bris. And I did hither come to the same purpose.

Clair. Pray answer clearly to what I shall ask.

Bris. Your Lordship need not question that.

Clair. Do you pretend to the fair *Charlotte*?

Bris. I love her, Sir, if you call that pretending.

Clair. And do you know she is my Mistress, Sir?

Bris. That lies in her disposal —

But I do know that you make Love to her.

Clair. 'Tis well.

Bris. But come, my Lord, I must examine too:

Did you ever pretend unto my Sister?

Clair. May be I did?

I am not bound to satisfy Demands.

Bris. And do you think to raise that Siege,
And lay it to my Mistress?

Clair. Colonel, let's use few Words:

I find we are agreed in what we mean.

Bris. How shall we get to be alone?

If these two leaves us, still the thing's the same:
I know they will be doing.

Clair. The place is here most fit, for none can see us.

And

And I am pleas'd with my Friend,
If you are so, there needs no farther Ceremony.

Bris. Yes, pray my Lord, 'tis for a Mistress that we fight,
We'll do it decently,

Not like the rage that choler works men to.

[Strips,

Beau. What mean you, Sir?

Clar. I know by this you understand.

[Strips too.

Beau. Be careful, Friend, of what I love, your self:
And where we're both, the World can never win us.

[Embraces *Bris.*

Monfieur Boutefeu! see, Sir, occasion's offer'd.

Bout. And you may see, Sir, I was busie e'er you spake.

Clair. Blind Passion is the Mad-man's fate,
Who strives to conquer Love, by shewing Hate:

Come, Sir.

[They fight.

Bris. How he drills me ———

So cunning at your Weapon, Sir?

There 'tis I'm sure,

[Clairmont falls.

Beau. They will have done before me.

[Closes with *Bout*, and disarms him.

Stir not, or I will nail thee to the Earth,

How is it, Sir?

[To *Bris.*

Bris. Well: prethee, look to him,
I fear he's worse.

Clair. This care is noble in thee, brave *Brisac*,
But comes too late;

Heav'n forgive me, I do freely thee, farewell.

[Dies.

Bout. What damn'd luck have I?

[Exit.

Bris. Prethee, lend me thy arm;
Thou art not hurt, I hope?

Beau. Indeed I am.

Bris. Where, dear *Beaupres*.

Beau. In every drop that falls from you,
My Soul does drop a Tear.

Bris. Away with grief, 'tis Womanish,
Lead me to the House, but say you found me so;
Relate not you were with me in the bus'ness,
There is much danger now that he is dead.

Beau. And would you have me leave you single
In any danger?

Bris. What will your ill avail me?
You being free, you will be abler far
To do me good.

Beau. Out of that hope I will obey you, Sir.

[Exeunt.

Host and Colignii having stood behind, and seen all that pass.

Host. Here's fine work,

This is your fault, I would have rais'd the people.

Colig. Why, I did think they had been in drink:
T'other day I'm sure I was drawn upon

By men in drink, but they did no hurt,
Only kick'd some Fiddlers, and so forth.

Host. You told me
You knew they were in jest;
Here's fine jesting, marry,
Nay, he's gone, cold as Earth.

Colig. Why, let him go, 'twas none of our faults,
If might ha' look'd better to himself.

Host. Alack, poor Gentleman,
Who were the other three that went away?

Colig. I saw no body; I,
Are you mad? will you say you saw any body,
And make your self a Party?

Host. Ha' you Law for what you say?

Colig. Yes, marry, have I.

Host. Why, I'll say I have seen no body this two days then.

Colig. I, I, do!

So, so, then he can never recover the reckoning of me.

Host. But who shall we say hurt him?

Colig. Why, say he hurt himself upon Chance-Medley.

Host. Well, do you look to't; I'll say what you bid me.

Colig. Then be sure you say, you see him hurt himself.

Host. We had better be gone and say nothing.

Enter two or three Servants.

Serv. Who are ye?

Colig. We? why, we are men as you are.

Serv. How long have you been here?

Host. Not very long.

Colig. Yes, but we have: what then?

Serv. Were you by when this Lord fell?

Host. We were by when he hurt himself
With Chance-medley.

Colig. Honest Friends, this Fellow lies:

We came just when he had hurt himself.

Serv. How's this? how's this?

Come, come away with them,

Here's backwards and forwards;

The Governour will have the truth out of ye,

I'll warrant ye;

Come, help Sirrah to lift the body.

Enter Charlotte, Bellmont.

Char. Hold, hold, *Bellmont*, 'tis now my part

To lay the treasure out of all my Tears,

'Twas not your Rhetorick, but 'twas he that gain'd

The full possession of the heart you spoke for,

And I will drown this House in such a flood

Shall speak my passion, and how much I lov'd.

Bell.

Bell. O, envy not my Eyes this mournful ease,
Who else would burst : Poor Brother !

Char. O my *Brisac*, if thou shouldst leave me now,
How should I wander in the dark of Love ?
No Ghost without a Tomb so miserable.

Bell. Whilst there be hopes
Why should we desperate grow,
And throw our selves into this Sea of grief,
Before the Vessel's sunk our hopes are stor'd in ?

Charl. Hold heart a little, for I would not be
Inconstant in my dying,
I'de live to love him, till he did leave me.

Bell. I hope your loves may lasting prove,
And interchang'd remain so here,
And that this ill-look'd chance is but a Scene
To represent what you at last must suffer,
He or you, leaving th'other here behind.

Char. Heav'ns take me first, then order me to guard
Him from all ill.

Bell. Come ! dear *Charlotte*,
Let us enquire with haste
The Oracle of our ensuing fate
Which by this time the Surgeon here can give us.

Char. Propitious be, O Heaven !——

Enter D'Elpeche, Lamarch.

Lamar. So is our Colonel too,
I fear he'll follow.

D'Elp. The Heavens forbid :
Yet if he scape his hurts,
I doubt it may go hard with him at Court,
Knowing th' others greatness.

Lamar. I hope not,
His Services may something plead for him :
Besides we hence can make his way
To some securer place (having more health)
Till he has got his Pardon from the King.

D'Elp. I would do any thing to serve him,
Come let's go see how things are——

Enter Guard, Coligni, Host.

Guard. There, walk you two there, till the Governour comes,
Come Gentlemen, we'll lock 'em in——

Host. So now we are in a fine pickle,
This comes of your Chance-medley,
A Medlar close thy chops when thou'rt dying,
Indeed, Squire, I mean that they call a Medlar
Is this your Law ?
I could have found out a better

[*Exeunt.*

[*Exeunt.*

[*Exeunt.*

Trick

Trick of Law my self than this.

Colig. Prethee ! what a simple Fellow this is,
What trick of the Law could you have found out ?

Host. Why, run away, when we first saw what came on't :
For he that runs away, they say, has the Law on his side.

Colig. Why, who the Devil would e'er have suspected,
That they should take two civil men Prisoners ?

Host. You said just now that I was a simple man,
But I'll be judg'd by all this Company,
Who is the simpler fellow, you, or I.

Colig. I'll not enter into the List of Comparisons
With any below my own rank.

Host. I must be a rank fool then——— [Aside.
But pray heark ye me, what must I say ?
For I shall be dash'd and bash'd at the Governours question,
For all he's an Ass, yet he has some pretty conceits
As they call it in the Law.

Colig. Why, mark me well ;
We are not suspected to have done the thing our selves.

Host. I think not.
No why should they ?

Colig. He that suspects wrongfully doth himself wrong,
For slander flies back in the slanderers face.

Host. True, like a man that pisseth against the Wind.

Colig. Why, then all that we shall be ask'd is, who we saw there ?

Host. Very good, Sir, and you say you don't know.

Colig. Prethee peace, I never heard such a hasty Fool.

Host. Why, I only tell you, what I will say my self.

Colig. Why, look ye ; there you make your self a party again,
They'll think you but dissemble and won't tell.

Host. Why, what shall I say then ?

Colig. Why, name any body, and then let them clear
Themselves as well as they can.

Host. Pray tell me who you'll name ; for we must not name
The same man ; you must name one, and I another.

Colig. O no, no, we must both name the same men,
Or else they'll catch us tripping.

Host. I the same men we must agree on,
But you shall name one (as I said) and I another.

Colig. Why, I'll name Monsieur D'Espeche our Guest,
Because he pawn'd me for the reckoning.

Host. Squire, 'twas your own fault.

Colig. I, I, but he might have chose whether he would or no :
But who will you name ?

Host. Marry E'en Monsieur La Rock,
That put me out of my Tenement, I thank him.

Colig. He's a cunning Fellow :

But no Matter, *Falsa est Alen*——
Said *Cæsar* when he leap'd a Ditch.

A Horse set out on the Table.

Enter D'Orville, Attendants, La-Bar.

D'Orv. This Object is so cruel, that it calls
Tears from a Soldier's Eyes;
No *Scythian* but would weep
To see so fair a Worth nipp'd in the Bud.

Lab. H' was my Noble Patron, yet my Grief
Suffers Encrease, because I was not with him:
I might have hindred this, or fallen too.
But pray, Sir, let's learn the perfect Truth.

D'Orv. We will endeavour it.

Enter D'Elpeche, Lamarch.

Monsieur D'Elpeche, you're welcome;
And you, brave Captain; see, your Gen'ral's kill'd,
And your poor Colonel mortally wounded.

D'Elp. It grieves us much:
How came this Accident?

D'Orv. We cannot tell;
But Death did ne'er
Play for a fairer Prize, and win both Stakes.
Here's two can give Account, they saw the Business.
Bring those Fellows here.
Speak, Friends, how did this Business happen?

Col. And please you, Sir, they came into the Field,
Pluck'd off their Doublets, and they were run through.

Hof. Yes, an' please you,
With Chance-medley, I saw it.

D'Orv. How, Friend, Chance-medley?
I know not what thou mean'st.

Colig. Sir, he talks like an Ass,
Mind him not.

D'Orv. But you that can talk wiser, what say you?

Col. That they all drew and kill'd one another.
The Iron Age methoughts was come again.

D'Or. Sirrah, leave off your Poetry, and speak to th' Matter;
Who were the others that were there?

Two Swords were found,
And yet *Brisac* brought his home.

Col. An't please you, Sir, *Monsieur D'Elpeche*
Was there for one.

Hof. And one *Monsieur la Roek* for another.

D'Elp. Who, I? What a lying Slave is this!
It is not half an Hour since we rose.

D'Or. Sirrah, are you sure this Gentleman was there?

Colig.

Colig. Yes that I am ; nay, Captain, ne'er stare.

D'Elp. Why, thou art drunk still ; upon my Faith, Sir,
I have not been abroad before,
This is my first flight hither.

Lamar. I can assure you, Sir, I lay with him,
And what he says is Truth.

D'Orv. Let their Landlord be fetch'd, I'll ha' this examin'd :
And you, Sir, who did you say was there ?

Host. Monsieur La Rock.

D'Orv. Who is that ?

Host. H' was my Landlord lately, but he turn'd me out
Of my Tenement most basely and scurvily.

D'Orv. How came he hither ? He's no Man o'th' Sword.

Host. I know not I, but there he was.

And you please to give me my Oath, I'll swear't presently,
And then let him say what he can for himself.

D'Orv. Have a care I catch you not lying.

Enter Cortaux.

Monsieur Cortaux, welcome ;
Saw you these Gentlemen this Morning ?

Cort. Yes, and please your Honour, one is my Guest ;
But they both lay together this same Night.
What ail'st thou, Man ?

[*Colig. winks, and pulls him.*

D'Orv. How say you, Sir, to this ?

Colig. Why, my Father's mad, or else mistaken.

Cort. Thou art mad, I think, to pinch me so.

D'Orv. Sirrah, you Rogue ! I'll have you to the Whipping-Post,
And your Companion too,
If I do find you wilfully tripping.

Host kneels. — Hold, Sir, I'll confess rather —

Colig. What will you confess, that you are an Ass ?

D'Orv. Peace, Sirrah.

Host. This silly Fellow here and I combin'd,
To accuse Monsieur D'Elpeche, and Monsieur La Rock.

Colig. Oh humane Frailty ; how weak thou art !

D'Orv. Your humane Frailty shall be try'd, Sirrah.
Away with them straight,
Let them be soundly lash'd.

Cort. O Mercy, Sir ! he is my Heir.

D'Orv. You might have bred him better.

Host. Yes, so he might ; nay he shall be whipp'd for Company ;
That's my Comfort ; here's Chance-medley for you.

[*Exeunt Colig. Host, and Cortaux.*

D'Orv. 'Tis time, Monsieur La Bar, must find this out :
May be the Colonel at last may tell us :
But I dare swear that he was fairly kill'd.

Lamar. I hope there's none will question that,

Since

Since our brave Colonel was there engag'd.

La-Bar. There's none will question his fair honour, Sir ;
Yet I would gladly know

How I have lost my Patron now, and why.

D'Elp. It is most reasonable.

D'Orv. Come, Gentlemen, this body shall be laid
Where all our duties fitter may be paid.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter D'Elpeche, Lamarch, Surgeon.

D'Elp. BUT are there no hopes left ?

Sur. None, but in Miracles, his Liver is quite pierc'd,
And 'tis a wonder he has not bled to death already.

D'Elp. But that is stopt ?

Sur. Stopt, alas, Sir,

To give him time enough to say a Pray'r or two ;
He cannot last an hour.

Lam. Trust me, I am much griev'd.

D'Elp. And so am I, he was a worthy brave Gentleman ;
Come, let's go take our last farewell.

[*Ex.*]

*Brifac laid in his Bed, D'Orville, Beaupres, Bellmont,
Charlotte, D'Elpeche. Lamar.*

D'Orv. How is it, Sir ?

Brif. The Surgeon best can tell.

D'Orv. May we not learn the full of all this business ?

Brif. A difference I had with the General,

What would you learn more ?

Pray, Sir, retire, and take the Company with you,

I'm weak, and have some business.

I fain would end before I go.

D'Orv. Religion does forbid that we should trouble you,
Heaven grant your Pray'rs, and make ye happy, Sir.

Brif. I thank you, Sir ! Nay, Friend *Beaupres*, stay you here ;
And, you, Sister, do not leave the room.

Governour, may I entreat the presence of your Daughter ?

'Twill be my last request.

D'Orv. Most willingly ! *Charlotte*, stay you here.

[*Ex. D'Orv.*]

Brif. Adieu, dear Friend, I shall not see you more !

Lam. May all your hopes prove prosperous,

[*Ex. Lam.*]

I cannot endure to stay and see you thus !

And I must leave you like a Girl,

Blind with my Tears :

I wish I could but do you better service.

[*Ex. D'Elp.*]

Brif. 'Tis now too late, and yet I thank you for your wish.

I

Beau.

Beaup. O Heaven! must we then part?
Curse on my Hand, it was too slow.

Brif. Blame not a thing that did so much;

Alas, we were all born to die!

And if we do anticipate the Time

That bearded Elders languish in, we 'scape

A thousand Miseries that they have surely stoop'd to.

Death is a Bug-bear never fear'd when known:

Weep not, dear Sister, I will leave you one

Shall be a Brother, and a kind one to you:

Will you not, *Béaupres*?

Beaup. You cannot doubt my Love to all that's yours;

But I will not dissemble now the Tie

I have upon me, to be ever kind.

Shall I have your Pardon?

I would have told it you 'ere long,

But hop'd for better Opportunity

Than the sad Fates allow me now.

Brif. Whate'er it be, I do forgive thee freely;

For I dare sooner doubt my being happy,

Than that thou e'er didst wrong me in thy Friendship.

Beaup. I am her Husband, Sir.

Brif. That merits more my Thanks than Blame,

For it was to thy dear Arms I would bequeath her.

Bellm. Heav'n meant me not so great a Blessing

To have you living, and this bounteous Gift.

Brif. I give her to thee, Friend, with all my Heart.

Use her well for her poor Brother's sake:

And, Sister, be you still to him

Such as may make him in you love his Friend,

His poor departed Friend:

So I hope you two are happy;

Now to my Love, and then I die in quiet.

Bellm. Speak not of dying, Sir, it wounds my Soul.

Brif. Ha, what means that Lady, Sister?

She weeps, she weeps.

O, if those Tears be but for my Misfortune,

I will not envy Emperours that live;

But think it greater Glory thus to die,

Pity'd by the beauteous good *Charlotte*.

Bellm. You are not only pity'd, but below'd,

Beyond all what the World contains besides.

Brif. Mock not my Hopes, 'twere a double Death,

If now I should but find it otherwise.

Char. May I then be believ'd? O my Stars!

Is this the Good you have ordain'd me?

Shew me such Worth,

[*She kneels by him.*]

To tell me what I've lost.

Bris. I know to leave this World is Death,
But I leave more when I leave thee;
What Heav'n can I expect hereafter?
When all the *Idea* I can e'er receive
Of Happiness, I here do leave behind me;
Will you be kind unto my Memory,
My dear *Charlotte*?

And when your Thoughts do entertain themselves
Of me your Servant being gone;
Remember then, pray remember often,
How much your poor *Brisac* did love you!

Charl. You speak as if I did intend to leave you:
No, my *Brisac*, I will not long out-live you.

Bris. O yes! I do conjure you live,
By all our Love, and then I shall live in you:
For how should I be curst of all the World,
If I deprive it of its chiefest Jewel?
My Soul shall wait upon you here;
My Mind does tell me I shall bear that Office,
(For I am penitent for all my Sins)
And that will be a glorious Station,
More than I e'er durst hope for;
But that I guess I have your Wishes for't.

Char. We'll hand in hand unto the other World,
And there confirm the Union of our Souls,
Then 'twill immortal be, and we sha'n't need
To fear a fatal Separation.

Beaup. Deny us not, fair Maid, thy Company,
We all must die, and be, I hope,
Together happy in the other World.

Bris. It is not fit any of you should die;
For when you're gone,
The World will be neglected, and not own
A Subject worth a Care;
You shall not think of leaving one another;
Dear Friend, would you thus leave alone
My dearest Mistress, and your poor *Bellmont*?

Charlotte in you may see what I have lov'd;
And in her Friendship do you think on me.

Char. Whilst Memory retains a Place,
Or Life but Motion giveth to my Heart;
Each Breath I draw, and every Bow I make,
Shall be for my *Brisac*:

The Organs of my Soul shall frame no Sound,
But what shall echo still my dear *Brisac*;
Master of all my Hopes, and all my Joy:

Poor fickle Joy, alas, how soon thou leav'st me!
Never, O never to return again!

Brif. And you, dear Friend, when you shall see that Face,
That much adored Person I have lov'd,
Pay her the Zeal of all your Friendship to me;
And, Sister, as you ever did affect
Your Brother, turn that Kindness all

To my *Charlotte*, and to *Beaupres* your Duty.

Beaup. Your Major, Sir, is come to take his leave,

Malig. Heav'n's blefs my Colonel! how is't, Sir?

Brif. O *Beaupres*, come hither, I had forgot to tell you;
But I grow wondrous faint;

Have a care of *Malignii*.

Oh *Charlotte*, your Hand, for I am going!

Farewel, farewel, I can no more.

Beaup. Farewel the Thoughts of worldly things;

What are the Poms of greatest Kings,

But empty Titles State foreshew,

Idols, we make, to which we bow?

Nothing that's certain here below,

But Death, and certain that we know.

How glorious is the Fabrick, when,

Ill to the Maker likens Men!

But this the clearest ever was,

Retain'd the Brittleness of Glafs.

Bellm. Through which we ought to see how fair

Are Bliss'es that Eternal are;

Led by Perswasion of our Blood,

We here expect a certain Good,

And frame our best of what is worst!

Since by great Heav'n the Earth we curst.

Char. My Thoughts to Heav'n their Wishes send,

And to Heav'n's will in Rev'rence bend;

Leave tempting me, thou dismal Care,

Mistress of Ruine and Despair;

The Strings of my poor Heart, I'm sure,

Are not so strong they can endure

This cruel Weight: then be thou gone,

And leave my Love to act alone.

Beaup. *Malignii*, ha, canst thou weep?

I shall enamour'd grow of what I could not love before.

Bellm. Poor Major, what have we here lost?

Mal. I, Madam, the World can yield no Recompence for this.

Char. He bad us have a Care of him dead!

Sir, remember, pray, to do it, as you love

Your dying Friend, O my Soul!

That I can live to speak him.

[Enter *Malig.*

[Dies.

[She falls.
Mal.

Malig. Alas, my Colonel took Care, you see, at last,
For me, unworthy-me: I shall grow blind with Grief.

Beaup. Come, Major, help to lead these Ladies forth,
And call me now your Friend;
Since he commanded hath his friendly Tie.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter D'Elpecke, Lamarch, Boutefeu.

D'Elp. 'Tis strange we should not learn
A perfecter Account of all this Business.

Bout. Cannot *Beaupres* inform you?

D'Elp. He seems as ignorant as we.

Lam. And I dare swear he is so:
You two, I hope, are reconcil'd.

Bout. O yes, the General did it this Morning.

D'Elp. How? this Morning! why, were you with him this Morning?

Bout. No, not I; who says I was;

D'Elp. I did understand you so.

Bout. I was mistaken, so were you too; God b'w'y'.

[*Exit.*

Lam. What the Devil's this?

Hey, pass and repass; this Fellow grows so subtil,
He'll have his Brains beaten out 'ere long;
He's like a Mad Dog, snarles and bites at every Body.

D'Elp. I, and no body knows wherefore;
Sure his Brain's addle.

Lam. Nay, that it was ever since I knew him;
But h's much alter'd; h' used to be
An honest plain blunt Fellow;
Now so capricious! out on't!

D'Elp. Who cares?—but to our Business:
Who dost thou think will carry now the Regiment?

Lam. There is much talk of young *Beaupres*;
Though it of Right belongs to *Malignii*.

D'Elp. He's a Man that has no Friend,
And, I'm afraid, deserves none:
Yet he will bustle hard before he lose his Right:
The other's a worthy Youth;
Though I dare swear he will not much seek for it.

Lam. I love him for my Colonel's sake,
H' was his faithful Friend.

D'Elp. It shall be still my Study how to serve him.
O Major! how is't, Man? [Enter *Malignii*.

Ha, weeping! why I thought thy breeding in the Wars
Had dry'd that Fountain up;
Yet trust me it does become thee;
I shall e'en bear thee company.

Lam. We have all lost a worthy Man;
But Fate has call'd him to a better Place.

Malig. I hope so.

Lamar.

Lamar. This may prove well for you :
You are the next in place, for to succeed him.

Malig. It never can prove well,
I having lost so brave a Colonel ;
But Gentlemen let me entreat,
You will to morrow morning order give
That all your men draw up together
Without Saint Dennis Gate, and there receive
Some further orders.

D'Elp. We will not fail.

Malig. O ! I had forgot to tell you,
(My grief doth overwhelm my memory)
Young *Beaupres* is married to *Bellmont*,
The Sister of our late Colonel,

Here privately, since that they came to Town.

D'Elp. Did *Brisac* know so much before he dy'd ?

Malig. Yes, yes ! but not when they were marry'd,
He had bequeath'd her in his Will to him,
And with her all his Fortune.

D'Elp. 'Twas noble Friendship in him,
I wish them joy and happiness.

Lamar. What rumor's that, about *Beaupres* Succession ?

Malig. I know not, I, nor care not.

D'Elp. If there be any such report,
It springs from this occasion ;
Beaupres did, when his Uncle lost his Life,
Pretend unto this Regiment ;

But young *Brisac*

Had then the promise of the first that fell,
For some brave Action he had done ;
When *Beaupres* with him join'd in all,
As being long Comrades, forc'd it upon him,
And would not once dispute it,
You since have seen he serv'd a Volunteer,
And would have had no Command amongst us.

Lamar. Something I knew before ;
But was not quite so perfect in the story.
We shall obey your last Commands :

Adieu, Major—

[Exit D'Elp. Lamar.]

Malig. He ha' th' Regiment, ha, ha, ha, ha !
I, so he shall, that's my good Boy, make much on't :
Soft, soft ye Fools, I have rods in piss
For him, and for his curious Minx,
She us'd me sweetly ; well, I must not trust her,
She knows I am a Rogue,
And seeing me grow great with him,
She may discover our last Evenings walk.

The VILLAIN.

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How am I now beset with my own Plots !
That Fool, Bouitefeu, and he, for ought I know,
May grow to a right understanding :
Ha ! what becomes of me then ? I have it,
And each on th'other shall secure my fate. —

[Exit.]

Charlotte, *beld on a Bed* by Mariane, Francibel, D'Orville.

Charl. Pray, Sirs, let me go, you use me too unkindly,
I never did any of you such wrong.

D'Orv. Take comfort my dear Girl,
Thy Father begs it of thee.

Charl. Why, I did beg of Heaven, and that was deaf,
Deaf to my zealous Prayers ;
I'll never pray agen : but I will sing
My self into his blest Society.

SONG.

*The Bells were rung, and the Mass was sung,
And all was for my Billy,
And all my Friends my death had sworn,
I would have none but Willy.*

Hey, ho ! break thou foolish heart ;
Why dost thou throb, and snub
Like Girls that are whipt ?
Indeed I could be angry thou art so long a breaking.

Fran. She's much distemper'd, Sir.

Madam, for Heavens sake take patience to you.

Char. What man is that ?

Fran. It is your Father, Madam !

Char. O pray, Sir, be gone : alas poor Man ! he weeps too.
Is it for Brisac you weep ? nay then, pray stay,
We will all weep, shall we not ? he would have wept
For me most bitterly, do not you think he would ?

Fran. Yes surely, Madam.

Char. Alas poor Man ! come let me dry your Cheeks :
Truly I take it very kindly of you, that you will weep
For my Brisac : did you lament my Mother so ?
Would she were with you now to comfort you, and I
Were in her place.

D'Orv. Peace, my dear Child,
Thou like a tangled Bird dost beat
And fret thy self to death.

Char. Sings.

*Willy was fair, Willy was stout,
Willy was like the Lilly,
And Willy promis'd to marry me.*

O !

O! but he could not; for he dy'd, or else he would
Have kept his Promise: was ever poor Maid
So couzen'd; speak, were you ever couzen'd?

Maria. No truly, Madam.

Franc. May be some Musick may still her Spirits, Sir:
Shall my Sister sing?

D'Orv. I pray let her.

Fran. Sing, Sister! prethee sing!

Mariana Sings.

*Lady preserve the title of your heart,
And ne'er commit so rash a deed,
As when your Lover doth depart,
You may not leave off sorrow with your weed:
Spoil not what once was thought so fair,
But quench remaining fire with a Tear;
And bury, when the next does come,
All sad remembrance in this Tomb.*

Char. Away, thou art out of tune and sence,
If I needs must hear Musick,
Let it be my poor Boy's Voice;
He once could please me with his melancholy Songs,
Pray, let him sing.

D'Orv. Any thing to please thee, poor Charlotte.

Song within by the Boy.

*Beyond the malice of abusive fate
I now am grown, and in that state
My heart shall mourn the loss it has receiv'd,
When of its only joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with echoes do abound,
And each of them return the sound
Of my Amintor's name; alas, he's dead,
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, Willow, Willow must I wear,
For sweet Amintor's dead, who was my dear.*

Fran. She's fallen into a slumber.

D'Orv. No noise, make the room dark you do convey her to.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Malignii and Boutefeu.

Malig. I could not guess so much before.

Bout. P'heu! that can be no reason, Sir,
I never did pretend to her,
It's true, I've seen her often:
But marry'd are they? art sure of that?

Malig. He and she told me so themselves,

I had

I had some conference with her alone ;

But what a Rogue am I ?

I was commanded to be silent,

And yet this tongue of mine

It is so forward still to do you good.

Bout. Why, Major, this to me,

If it be ought that I should know ?

Malig. Alas, Sir, it concerns no other Man.

Bout. And do you doubt my full discretion ?

You and I have still been Friends.

Malig. And I am still the readiest Man on Earth

To do you service,

But a Lady's Honour ;

The Secret, Sir, is none of mine, but hers ;

And I cannot dispose on't to your trust

Without her leave,

She says she mainly doubts your carriage on't.

Bout. Doubts my Carriage ?

I have been trusted before now,

With half this Ceremony.

If I can do her service, tell me,

For she's a very pretty Woman,

And I'll do't ; if you wont, chuse.

Malig. Do her a service ?

'Tis to do one to your self,

The greatest too that e'er your hopes could aim at.

Bout. Prethee, what is't, Major ?

You torture me with these delays.

Malig. You never gave a cause to young *Beaupres*

Why he should hate you so.

Bout. Never I till t'other night.

Malig. P'heu ! that was only a requital

To his unkindness,

I'm sure you meant it so.

Bout. I did.

Malig. But never any thing before ?

Bout. Not I.

Malig. Why, then he does suspect

As much as I am now acquainted with.

Bout. Let him suspect his heart out,

Prethee what is't ?

Malig. But you will not be rul'd,

And think it is below you thus to sneak,

And hide your self for such a Lady.

Bout. I will be rul'd, I swear I will :

Thou still shalt be my guide.

Malig. The fair *Bellmont* does dote upon you, Sir.

Pray what Charms have you made use of,
Thus to ensnare so fair a Woman?

Bout. You do not jest with me?

Malig. Not I,

Nay, if you hold me for a Villain,
I've done.

I knew my foolish tongue would be too forward.

Bout. Nay, you, now you are unkind;
But does she love me so?

I'll to her strait,

I would cross Hell to meet so fair a Lady.

Malig. Why look you, Sir, how rash you are?

Take your own course,

This way she'll never see you.

Bout. How then? dear Major, do you direct me.

Malig. Can you procure a Fryar's habit?

Bout. Ha—Yes, the Chaplain of our Regiment has one.

He us'd to preach in; I can take his.

Malig. Do then, she shall meet you by the River side.

Below the Garden Walk, make haste, and ask no questions.

Bout. I'm gone; Farewel, dear *Malignii*,

And if I thrive, command my Life.

Malig. Yes, I think I shall command thy Life,

Or by thy hand be Master of *Beaupres's*.

Beau. How dost thou, *Malignii*?

What, all alone?

Malig. Sir, I was thinking with my self,

How grossly I have err'd;

You han't forgot, I'm sure, our last discourse,

Where you grew angry, about *Boutefeu*.

Beau. Hang him, rude Slave,

I ne'er do think on him.

Malig. He was here even now;

And the Fool thinks I am so much his Friend,

There's nought he e'er hides from me.

Beau. His secrets surely are not worth the hearing.

Malig. They may concern you, Sir, in time.

Beau. Me, alas, I do despise his malice.

Malig. But, Sir, there are some private hints,

And those but seldom smart.

Beau. If he be stout, as I do think he is,

He will abhor to murder any Man

That ready is to do him noble reason:

And if a Coward,

He will not dare to think on't.

Malig. Nay, on my Conscience, he'll ne'er murder you;

But, Sir, by this I find, you are still at odds,

May be your Lady does it for the best.

Beau. My Lady! what of her?

Malig. I say, she, may be, sooths him up,
To make you Friends.

Beau. She sooth him up! why, she ne'er speaks to him.

Malig. Nay, there you are mistaken, to my knowledge, Sir,

And he came thence so jocund and so gay:

She has much power over him!

That is most certain, Sir.

Beau. What's this I hear?

Malig. But she should chide him,
The quarrel was very preposterous,
And might wrong her Fame.

Beau. 'Tis true, 'tis true: what an Owl am I,
Not to reflect on that?

Malig. But he was jealous of your better Fortune.

Beau. He jealous of my Bellmont?

Malig. I, I, all the World might see that in his Carriage,

But, why she should consent to meet

A Man disguis'd, and privately.

Beau. I know she will not.

Malig. But if I prove it to you,

Shall I then be believ'd?

She is the Sister of my Colonel,

And now your Wife, whom I have ever lov'd,

She may some indiscretions now commit,

Will lie as heavy on her as a Crime.

Beau. My honest, honest, *Malignit*,

Do this, and tye me ever to thy service.

Malig. Take you no notice, go, I'll bring ye where

You shall need no attest but from your Eyes —

So, these Trouts a Man may tickle from their Senses.

Enter Bout.

Bout. I have the habit, Major.

Malig. Make much on't, Boy; but keep your Sword about ye:

Under your Coat, in case of danger to prevent the worst.

Bout. Thanks, Major, for your care:

I did intend so much

Malig. 'Tis not my fault if either of you live;

Fall both, and then I'm certain I shall thrive —

Enter Bellmont and Luyson.

Bell. Go see how my poor Sister Charlotte does,

And if she be awake.

Luyf. I shall, Madam. —

Bell. How sullen is my Fate,

Thus to begin in mourning after Marriage?

My Lord's poor heart is over-charg'd with grief,

And we like Turtles grieve for poor *Brisac*?

Poor Youth, he was both Friend and Brother ;
 O Major ! you are welcome, and I hope,
 You have as well forgot the will to sin, [Enter Maligni.]
 As I have freely now forgot your fault.
 You see the frailty of Man's Estate,
 And then the sure account we all must give ;
 Come be not sad, this Counsel I don't mean
 As a reproach, but for your real good ;
 For I do find my Brother lov'd you much.

Malig. Why did the Heavens create you then so fair ?
 O hide those Eyes, for they would make
 An austere Anchorite in love with sin.

Bell. You counsel well :
 Hereafter I'll not move
 This Vail when you shall be in presence.

Malig. 'Twas the good counsel of your Ghostly Father,
 Who now has eas'd my Soul
 Of a most heavy burthen it sustain'd.

Bell. Truly, I do rejoice in your conversion.

Malig. He told me, Madam, he would speak with you,
 Alone, without acquainting of your Husband,
 Matter of moment he pretends it is.

Bell. What should it be ? can you not guess, good Major ?

Malig. Yes, I believe about the difference
 Happen'd between *Boutefeu* and him ;
 I have a Letter from him to you.

Bell. To me ! prethee let's see't.

Mal. The Priest has brought him to confess his fault,
 But honour will not let him do't to your Lord,
 And you are thought the fittest medium now.

Bell. I wish I might prevail with them for Peace.
 How is she, Wench ? does she still sleep ?—

Enter Luyson.

Luyf. No, Madam, she's awake,
 And 'tis a woful sight to see her so.

Bell. I will go visit her.

Major, I shall remember what you told me of,
 And will not fail to meet the Father ;
 But pray where is't ?

Malig. Below the Garden, by the River side.

Bell. Here, *Luyson*, keep this Letter—

Malig. Nay, stay you here.

Luyf. My Lady will chide, I dare not,
 I'll meet you here anon.

Malig. What Letter's that, let's see't ?

Luyf. Fye, Major, oh here's my Lord—

[Forces the Letter from her.]

Enter

Enter Beaupres.

Beaup. Who was that just now
Parted from you ?

Malig. Your Lady's Woman,
I am great with her ;
Stay, let me see the Letter she has stoln.

Madam,
I shall not fail to meet you near the Garden,
By the River side, and there be obedient, in whatever
You shall think most fit. Boutefeu.

Why look ye, Sir,
Thus unexpectedly I find a way
To keep my Promise with you.

Beaup. 'Tis not his Hand,
He dares not write thus to her.

Malig. Are you so perfect in his Character ?
Methinks it is his Hand.

Beaup. I never did believe that he could write ;
A senseless Brute ; but I grow Fool in Words,
And idle Passion is for want of Deeds.

Malig. What Deeds ?
Heav'n guard your Breast from evil Thoughts,
You will not, sure, conclude that there is harm in this.

Beaup. No, no ; meet a Man privately,
Disguis'd as you do tell me,
One that durst wrong me too, her Husband,
Most excellent Meaning sure there is in this :
O, I could tear her from my Memory ;
Nay, tear the Heart that ever did contain
So base a Guest, as her base Whorish Love.

Malig. Fie, Sir, 'tis not so bad yet.

Beaup. 'Tis not the Body, but the Mind
Can ever make it bad ;
I'd rather have my Wife twice ravish'd,
Than once dare think the Means how she may act it ;
But thou art honest, Maligni,
And know'st not half the Cunning of these Women.

Malig. Alas ! Sir, I.

You see, Sir, in her Carriage I was cozen'd,
Nay, her Brother's Eyes were seal'd too,
And yet that was not such a monstrous Crime,
That she should take such care in the Concealment ;
How close she'd prove in Matter of more Moment !

Beaup. And I, good-natur'd Fool,
Read it Obedience to my strict Command.

Malig. Nay, may be 'twas so,
But she's good-natur'd too,

And

And I would have you still avoid all scandal.

Beau. Good natur'd ; ha !

Come lead me to this light,

I'm sick till I be there ;

And sicker shall be far when I have seen it.

Malig. I will not be your guide,
If you misconstrue ought when you have seen it.

Beaup. Not be my Guide ?

Thou shalt,

Or I will cut your Throat, officious Sir.

Do you pretend to tell me this

Out of meer Friendship ? thinking to sooth me up

To low dishonour ? You should have held your tongue

If you did mean it, knowing me :

But now conduct me where I may see them both,

As thou didst tell me too,

Or I will cut thy Throat, because thou knewst not me,

And yet dost know her weakness.

Malig. Come, put up your Sword,
Or keep it drawn still against your Friend,

'Twill be no argument of Courage, Sir,

Nor of much honesty :

I will discover all I can unto you ;

And if you rashly deal, then blame not me ;

For I grow mad to see your excellent Nature

Thus Fever-shook by a fond Womans fault ;

But let me still perswade your wiser thoughts

To fly all choler in your undertakings.

Beaup. I'll do no rash unseasonable act,

Without a full Examination,

That I'll promise thee.

Malig. Nay, if you come once to examining,

You put them to a guard, and they'll defend

All questions you can then but offer to them.

Beaup. How then ?

Malig. Why, as you please ;

But *Boutefeu* is very *Cholerick*,

He'll scarce endure Examination

Without the measuring of this.

Beaup. Would there were all my mischief.

Prethee let's go, I stand on thorns.

Malig. Come, if I can I will prevent your horns.

Enter Boutefeu like a Fryer in the Garden.

Bout. She is not here yet.

Methinks I look like *Fryer Bacon* :

But I had better been studying what to say.

Hang Speeches, I came to do ;

For

The VILLAIN.

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For she likes me already, then what need I talk?

O my sweet *Malignii*!

I'll sue for thee to my Sister,

An t' wilt, for this Kindness:

No Soul in Love, fond Boy, the World's great Soul.

[Walks up and down.

Enter Bellmont.

Bellm. Most Reverend Sir, you see I have not fail'd
In my Obedience to your Message sent.

Bout. Nor will I ever fail whilst I do breath,
To be the humblest of your Servants Lady.

Bellm. Father! I cry you mercy,
You are not the Man I took you for.

Bout. Yes but I am, Lady; see, my Hair is only put back.

Enter Beaupres and Malignii.

Beaup. Hell and Furies! Stay me not.

Bout. Ha! her Husband, with *Malignii*-too!

O Villain! I am betray'd!

Have Comfort, Lady, I can defend ye well.

Bellm. Me! I know ye not.

Beaup. But I do you.

[Wounds Bellmont.

Bout. 'Twas base; here was the Nobler Mark,
As I am a Man, and therefore thou——

Beaup. Come, come, ye Dog, thus I can muzzle ye.

Bout. No, not yet.

Beaup. Yes, now 'twill do; thus, doubly thus.

Bout. Had I but done the Deed,

It would not trouble me half so much to die thus.

Bellm. As you did e'er love Heav'n

Hear me but speak.

Malig. Madam 'tis now too late.

Beaup. But I will hear her speak,

And learn the Truth from dying Mouths.

Malig. Then keep them company.

[Runs at Beaupres.

Bellm. Heav'n's guard my dear *Beaupres*.

Beaup. Base treacherous Villain——

[Beaupres disarms him.

What didst thou mean in this?

Hey, *Bask*, help me to tie this Dog:

[Enter Footman, binds him.

Come, lead them to my Closet,

There I will learn the Truth;

This Place is too much open to the Eye,

Bout. Pray, Madam, 'ere you go,

Tell me one thing, and then I dye in quiet;

Did you e'er send for me?

Bellm. Not as I hope for Mercy;

Nor did I till now know you.

Beaup. Who did perswade you hither?

Bout. A base malicious Villain and a Knave;

I find

I find I was betray'd by mine own Folly.

Beaupres, give me thy hand;

As e'er I hope to come at Heav'n,

'Tis *Maligni* has wrong'd both thee and me,

And this fair Vertuous Lady.

This, as I'm dying, I am bound to tell.

Beaup. What canst thou say to this?

Malig. I will say nothing; but thou art an *Afs*,
Though I have miss'd my Aim.

Beaup. Convey him, Sirrah, to my Closet,

And kill him rather than permit Escape.

But O, what Torments of Eternal Hell

Afflict my murdered Soul!

Bellmont, my fair, my dear *Bellmont*!

Could all the Malice of a bloody Rogue

Tempt me to wound this Breast?

The Fountain of my Pleasures! all my Joys!

O, my curs'd Stars!

No Bolt in Heav'n to strike so foul a Murderer?

Bellm. The Heav'ns shall sure forgive thee, my *Beaupres*,

If ever I get thither:

For I will be thy Intercessour still,

And knowing it was Love too much betray'd,

I will not grieve to dye thy Martyr;

But when I am gone,

Believe my Honour still as fair,

And that I still did love my dear *Beaupres*:

Farewell, one Kifs, so—

Beaup. Ye Angels, take her to your Guardianship,

Whilst I must howl my Fault so loud,

That Beasts that hear the dismal Sound

Shall frighted stand, and Men with Horrour sweat,

Whilst they imagine but my Agony.

O *Bask*, is he safe? here set these Bodies up,

Now call the Governour,

And all thou see'st of my Acquaintance:

Hark thee one word.

Thus like a Pilgrim fore his honour'd Saint,

I offer up Oblations of my Vows;

But like a Sinner steel'd in Vice,

I must despair the Mercy I do call for;

For thou art cold, my Girl, my poor *Bellmont*,

And though thy Charity to th' last did blaze,

It was a Fire will consume my Soul.

My easie cozen'd Soul, which ought to lose

Its Immortality, since it did Reason lack;

Come, all ye Furies, lash me from this Sight:

[Dies.

[Ex. *Mal. Serv.*

[Dies.

Enter *Bask*.

[Kneels to *Bell. Body*.

But

But now I think on't, this is a Sanctuary,
No, I will first perform one act of Justice,
(That I should talk of Justice now !)
And then I will deliver to your rage
All that I can of me——
Yet let thy mercy, Heaven,
Allow me but her sight, for my relief,
Her pleasing sight——
For she did speak forgiveness at her Death ;
And wilt thou use so prodigal a mercy ?
No, my *Bellmont*, I need no Weapon for my Death,
Grief for my fault will stop my breath.

*Enter Malignii gag'd and blinded with a Handkerchief
twixt two Servants.*

So, set him there,
And when I give the word, hark ye,
He not deserves a worthier hand.
What made thee, Hell-hound, thus abuse my Soul ?
Hadst thou no pity left thee in thy breast ?
Yet this same sight would make *Alecio* weep ;
Thou cruel Dog——
And I more cruel Fool——

Malig. I will not answer thee, do what thou wilt.

Beau. Away with him to Execution,

I hear 'em coming——

Enter D'Orville, D'Elpeche, Lamarch, La-Bar, Attendants.

Most worthy, Sir, why, I have call'd you here,
That sight will best inform you.

D'Orv. Ha, dead ! *Boutefeu* in a Fryars Weed !

Beau. You'll wonder more when I dare boldly tell you,
'Twas I that kill'd them both.

D'Orv. Disarm him some of you.

Malig. within. ——O, O ! ye cruel Dogs.

Beau. The first that does attempt it straight shall find
The folly's great, when I'm resolv'd to die :
But hear me quietly some few moments,
I promise to resign it then.

D'Orv. Will you therewith not do some harm first ?
Not on your self I mean ?

Beau. I shall not need,
That have such killing objects 'fore my Eyes.

Malig. O, O, O !

D'Orv. What Voice is that ?

Beau. Say, Sir, I best can tell you,
The Voice it is of one
That wrought me to a mischief, none but he,
So wicked Villain as he was,

Could ever give a Birth to.

Enter Luyson.

Luyf. O, my Lady! my dear Lady!

D'Orv. Peace, thou foolish Woman.

But who is't, pray, Sir? He seems to be wounded.

Beaup. That horrid Monster *Malignii*.

Poor *Belmont*, could he behold thy Face,

And plot such Ruine to thy Loveliness?

Luyf. Did he do this?

H^e would have ravish'd her once before iⁿ th^e Garden.

Malig. Peace, Devil, Peace.

Luyf. Nay, it shall all out,

H^e's tempted me several times to leave

Some Letters in her Chamber.

Beaup. I find my Soul's a fleeting after hers,

And you'll have time enough t^examine this.

See, Sir, the Sacrifice of Innocence—

[*Malig. discover'd pierc'd with a stake.*]

Now take my Sword, 'tis not in Surgeon's Art

To cure the Fractures of a broken Heart:

Besides, that Villain has been busie here;

Forgive me, dear *Belmont*; forgive a Crime

Caus'd by my too much Love—

[*Dies.*]

D'Elp. I ever did suspect that *Malignii*.

Lamar. H^e was a subtil and a cruel Villain.

Luyf. But, Sir, your Daughter.

D'Orv. Ha! what of her?

Luyf. Is dead! poor Lady, dy'd distracted with her Grief,

D'Orv. I wish that mine

Could do that favourable Office;

Heav'n's, how have I deserv'd

These sad Afflictions?

D'Elp. The best of Cure and Remedy is Patience,

Then take it to you, Sir;

Remember Vertue calls upon you for't.

D'Orv. But, Sir, of late

Vertues Rewards are slow,

And I am too much oppress'd with cruel Grief,

To stir my Passions by her Moral Rules:

O my poor Girl!

How cruel was thy Fate?

D'Elp. Be not so much dejected, Sir:

We must submit to him that makes all even,

And never spurn against the Will of Heaven.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FINIS.

